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VOCAL EXPRESSION IN SPEECH

A TREATISE ON THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PUBLIC
SPEAKING ADAPTED TO THE USE OF
COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

BY

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WITH THE EDITORIAL COÖPERATION OF

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*From age to age,
and in every peopled land,
a vital instinct,
imperishable as fire,
appears to be reborn ;
a bodiless principle,
peremptory as some vast genius of the elements,
seeks embodiment.*

*Under that yearning Spirit's touch,
the institutions of men are as clay ;
the stubborn neck of custom is docile.*

*Stung by his voice,
the nations and the communities awaken,
grow articulate,
freshly comprehend one another and themselves ;
moved by his imperious smile,
they do his bidding wonderingly.
That unwithstandable Spirit is the Will-to-Express.*

.

*A new century,
beautiful and terrible in portent,
charged with unexampled passion and delight,
waits to be expressed. . . .*

*An institution which shall fail,
or refuse to become the responsive instrument, . . .
will decline in power,
and another shall rise in its place,
and subserve the Will-to-Express. — PERCY MACKAYE*

PREFACE

✓ This treatise on vocal expression in speech offers an exposition of the scientific basis of the speech arts. So far as the author knows, this exposition is now presented for the first time in any treatise. It is in line with modern psychology and physics.

• The terms used throughout the work have departed as little as possible from the terms already sanctioned by long usage; where there is a departure, the terms have been such as have been approved in the kindred art of music.

• This treatise presents also practical methods for voice cultivation and vocal interpretation based on the principles of the science and art of speech. The selections for practice have been carefully chosen with reference to their availability for classroom work, having been given a thorough trial there. Many of them are new and appear for the first time in such a manual.

The author is under great obligation to many firms and authors for the use of copyrighted selections. Many acknowledgments are made in immediate connection with the selections. Especial thanks are due to the following publishers and authors: to Houghton Mifflin Company for the use of extracts from Emerson's Essays and Poems, from Lowell's Poems, from Crother's "The Gentle Reader," from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," from Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," from Longfellow's "The Ride of Paul Revere," from Trowbridge's "The Vagabonds";

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HENRY E. GORDON

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VOCAL EXPRESSION IN SPEECH

INTRODUCTION

Two main purposes. Two main purposes may control in the study of any phase of public speaking. It may be studied from the standpoint of general culture, or from the narrower standpoint of a vocation. It may form one of the courses in a curriculum designed to arouse an appreciation of the noblest productions in all forms of art and science, or it may appear as a course in a technical institution with the sole purpose of securing skill in a practitioner whose success in his vocation is more or less dependent upon a developed talent in public speaking.

The primary purpose. But whatever the ultimate end in view, the first step in the study of a particular phase of public speaking should be for the purpose of culture. Lack of a broad, sympathetic appreciation of the world of science, art, and religion will operate as a serious check in the development of a good speaker. This fact is largely lost sight of by the student of the art. He demands vocational work at once. His general attitude towards the subject causes him to wait until he is facing a definite problem, e.g. he is assigned some part in a literary program, elected to appear in a public debate, or invited to respond to a toast at a banquet, when, as he too frequently thinks, a few hours of training is all that is necessary. In the

92 In the hands of a thorough and conscientious teacher he learns, to his amazement, not only that he lacks the cultural basis for proper presentation, but also that he fails in many other important respects: that his knowledge of the English language is totally inadequate; that he is incapable of pronouncing many of the commonest English words with any degree of accuracy; that his enunciation is so faulty that an audience cannot understand what he says; and, finally, that the very means of expression, his voice and action, are entirely unfitted to convey his thought.

— **Taste cultivation.** Taste, then, must be stimulated as the initial act in the evolution of a public speaker. With this end in view a great help will be found in the study of literature with reference to its vocal interpretation. Here are recorded the ideals of the best men and women of all time. The mind of the embryo speaker must be steeped in the rich literary expression of the strong life of humanity. He must joy in the epic simplicity of Homer, the lyric intensity of Tennyson, the dramatic movement of Shakespeare, and the oratoric glow of Demosthenes. While growing into this assimilative relation, at best a long and evolutionary process, the learner is acquiring a technical power which must prove a help from a vocational viewpoint; but culture, not skill, is the end sought.

• **A danger.** One danger, at least, arises in such study. The student is apt to prepare himself for vocal interpretative work from a scientific rather than from an artistic standpoint. That is, a philological and minutely critical study of the text may be made, which may lead to a stimulation of the intellect alone, or actually crowd out a possible artistic appreciation of the selection studied. Such study may even make it distasteful to the reader. Under the guidance of

a teacher unsympathetic with the real needs of a learner even Shakespeare may become loathsome to him. This is a real danger.

The scientific, minute study of Shakespeare, the use of his plays for grammatical analysis, philological investigation, historical research, — as now common in the high school, — belongs only to the last years of the college and to the graduate school. The proper study of Shakespeare in the high school is to *feel*: to read Shakespeare, see Shakespeare, play Shakespeare. This might awaken love. It must certainly result, in the high school, in a truer, broader acquaintance; in the college, in a truer, sounder criticism; on the stage, in a truer and more frequent presentation.¹

A second danger. Another danger is possible in cultural study; the student, while learning to appreciate, may fail to acquire the technical power to present in adequate form the material which taste has learned to approve. The high estimate of the merit of a dainty sonnet or vigorous ballad is no guaranty of its adequate expression through voice and action. A certain amount of skill of a technical sort must be acquired, and the fundamental emotion of the true artist must be awakened. The culture process must arouse the mind, kindle the imagination, awaken the dramatic instinct, — secure more or less response from the whole being. There must be present a genuine play-instinct. The student must enjoy speaking, abandon himself with gladness to vocal expression, not blindly and riotously but with a love of play such as the child feels, spontaneous, free, and genuine. "What, get up and play before an audience?" Yes! Why not? Except you become as a little child you are shut out from every worthy kingdom, and most of all the kingdom of art.

¹ Parsons, in *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1906.

The artistic spirit. How shall this spirit of joy in action be acquired? The usual reply to this question is, Oh, just be natural! Here is a liability to much trouble. Not one student in a thousand can follow this worn-out maxim and be right. Man is a bundle of habits, and in vocal and pantomimic expression most habits are bad. To be natural is, in most cases, to be habitual and so probably wrong. Training, the effort to secure good habits and normal action, daily and unremitted, is the price which must be paid for naturalness. This thought has been well summed up by Professor Genung in these words: "Art at its highest and nature at its truest are one."

Summary. The culture process, then, must seek to arouse a joyful appreciation. This appreciation cannot reach its flood tide except through normal conditions in voice and action. The whole body is the vocal instrument. All its powers must be organized under the centralizing control of a mind ambitious to give a service to the world, the vital motive of which shall be a joyous appreciation.

The vocational process. With this end partially or fully attained the learner may proceed to vocational work. He may desire to teach public speaking or wish to enter some profession where speaking is essential, or he may look forward to a career upon the platform as a lecturer or reader. As already pointed out, the work of such a student should be controlled by the purpose to cultivate taste and train all the faculties for service under its guidance. Without this the work is almost futile. With it vocational work becomes a matter largely of practice. Practice does not make perfect, but thorough, conscientious practice tends toward perfection. The student must have an audience upon which to exercise his talents. If he is to be a lawyer,

he must work out the problem of the address to the jury and the judge. He is likely to be called into politics, and so must study the problems of the political harangue, the legislative debate, and the after-dinner speech. He may look forward to the teaching profession, where he may be called upon to conduct institutes, lecture at Chautauqua assemblies, or engage in university extension work. So with each vocation specific practice is needed. Clinics, so to speak, must be opened, where the learner may gain proficiency in operating.

Dangers. There are dangers, already pointed out, in the culture process. These dangers are greatly enhanced in the vocational process. To repeat, the student who approaches such work without gaining the development through culture is bound to fail, or at best to attain but a partial success. By the very nature of the case his work cannot be otherwise than superficial. Before an intelligent audience exterior polish, however good, only serves to render more conspicuous interior dullness. The man without taste but possessed of skill is liable to be a blind leader of the blind. Taste, appreciation, capacity to adjust himself to any environment — all are essential to the guidance of skill. A cultivated taste is the open-eyed condition of the mind.

The adjustment to audience. Public speaking is a social function ; a direct relation exists between the speaker and his audience. As the life of the body depends upon its power to adjust itself to the circumstances of life, so the life of speaking depends upon the power of the speaker to adjust himself to the varying needs of his audiences. He must be able to play upon the lyrical and intuitive nature of woman, the logical and oratoric nature of man ; and if he

has not culture, either as a result of deliberate training or otherwise, his playing is liable to produce nothing but discords. The speaker who fails of harmonic adjustment dies. He may go on speaking, more 's the pity, but there is some hope that his discordant utterances will eventually compel his retirement from the public platform. When the reader is a really beautiful young woman, whose every motion is graceful and whose voice is sweet music, this danger becomes more subtle. The unthinking may applaud; the judicious will grieve. The greater her success, the more is true art retarded, until people of culture cry out, "Can any good come out of the study of public speaking?" Here, then, are two dangers from purely vocational work: the one for the student himself, that success without culture will mislead by effacing the highest ideal; and the second, that the whole subject will be brought into contempt. Then let the student enter upon the study of public speaking with a realization that it is a serious, lifelong business; that matter is more important than manner, taste than skill; that culture must precede calling; and that mind determines both manner and calling. The student has no call to speak to the universe until the universe has spoken to him.

Method. Experience has shown that as far as possible the student should learn by what may be called the laboratory method. He should have definite problems, the solution of which will demand serious consideration. There should be at least one piece of intensive work in connection with any course undertaken.

The inductive process. Success in acquiring power is best attained through the inductive process. Give the student a specific piece of work and by the process of

discovery through his own presentation in vocal expression let him reach the laws of good form in speaking. Coaching is liable to defeat itself and is a confession of weakness, a lack of culture in the one coached.

Summary. The two main purposes in the study of any phase of public speaking or reading are cultural and vocational. The former is primary. In the cultural process of acquiring a knowledge of the subject, taste, not skill, is the objective point; and yet voice and action, the media of mind expression, must become normal that the utterance may become natural. In the secondary process the vocational, actual practice involving the problems of specific vocations is fundamental, for skill is now the objective point. The process of work, whether cultural or vocational, should be evolutionary. The student should learn the laws underlying good work in public speaking by the inductive method of study. He should be so instructed that he will realize that learning to speak is primarily learning to think and feel.

Method suggested. It is not possible to prescribe a method of culture in vocal expression which will be completely adapted to the needs of all teachers and all pupils. The method suggested, however, has been tested by long use in the college classroom and has proved to be the most nearly ideal of the many which have been tried. This course is given for two hours a week throughout the year. The main purpose of the plan here advocated is to give the student a definite problem which may tax his powers to the proper limit.

The lecture recital. The student is required to prepare a lecture recital. In length it should be proportional to the time limit of the recitation hour so that at least two lectures

may be given within that period. The selections from the author, book, poem, or whatever is the subject of the recital, should be given memoriter. Remarks such as introductory account of the author's life, method of writing, nature of work, etc. should be given extempore. The subject may be selected early in the course, so that the student may use the selections in connection with class work for special criticism. The lecture recitals can best be given near the end of the course. The members of the class not lecturing may be required to hand in written criticisms of these performances. The best of the recitals may be used for a series of public evening recitals.

Available subjects. A list of authors available for this work is herewith submitted. The student is advised to select an author who will furnish the greatest possible variety in the forms of literature to be studied. It is not, however, a bad plan to make an intensive study of some masterpiece, but such work is more difficult and is suitable only for the more advanced students.

The following list of authors contains certain initial letters which are to be interpreted as follows: D., dramatist; E., essayist; O., orator; P., poet; S., story-writer.

| | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Addison. — E. P. | Browning, R. — P. | Clay. — O. |
| Aldrich. — P. | Bryant, W. C. — P. | Clough, A. H. — P. |
| Ames. — O. | Burke. — O. | Cooper. — S. |
| Arnold, M. — E. P. | Calhoun. — O. | Cowper. — P. |
| Barrie, J. — S. | Canning. — O. | Curran. — O. |
| Beecher. — O. | Carlyle. — E. | Dante. — P. |
| Bossuet. — O. | Channing. — O. | Demosthenes. — O. |
| Brooks. — O. | Chatham. — O. | Dickens. — S. |
| Brougham. — O. | Chaucer. — P. | Disraeli. — S. O. |
| Brown, A. — S. | Choate. — O. | Dobson. — P. |
| Browning, E. B. — P. | Cicero. — O. E. | Dryden. — P. |

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Dumas. — D. S. | Jackson. — P. S. | Riley. — P. |
| Eliot. — E. S. | Junius. — E. | Rossetti, C. — P. |
| Emerson. — E. P. | Keats. — P. | Rossetti, D. — P. |
| Erskine. — O. | Kipling. — P. S. | Rousseau. — P. |
| Everett. — O. | Knowles. — D. | Savonarola. — O. |
| Field, E. — P. | Lamb. — E. | Schiller. — P. |
| Fielding. — S. | Lanier. — P. E. | Scott. — P. S. |
| Fox. — O. | Lincoln. — O. | Seward. — O. |
| Franklin. — E. | Longfellow. — P. | Shaftesbury. — O. |
| Gladstone. — O. | Lover. — S. | Shakespeare. — P. D. |
| Goethe. — P. D. | Lowell. — P. | Sheridan. — O. D. |
| Goldsmith. — P. S. D. | Lytton (Bulwer). — S. | Sill. — P. |
| Grady. — O. | Macaulay. — E. | Southey. — P. |
| Grattan. — O. | Macdonald. — S. | Spenser. — P. |
| Gray. — P. | McLaren. — O. S. | Stevenson. — P. S. |
| Hale. — E. S. | Marlowe. — D. | Stockton. — S. |
| Hamilton. — E. O. | Milton. — P. | Stowe. — S. |
| Hawthorne. — S. | Mirabeau. — O. | Sumner. — O. |
| Hayne. — O. | Moore. — P. | Swinburne. — P. |
| Henry. — O. | Morris. — P. E. | Taylor. — P. E. |
| Herbert. — P. | O'Connell. — O. | Tennyson. — P. |
| Holmes. — P. E. S. | Parker. — S. | Thackeray. — S. |
| Homer. — P. | Patmore. — P. | Trollope. — S. |
| Hood. — P. | Paul. — O. E. | Trowbridge. — S. P. |
| Howells. — S. D. E. | Phillips. — O. | Twain. — S. |
| Hughes. — P. E. | Poe. — P. S. | Webster. — O. |
| Hugo. — P. E. S. | Pope. — P. S. | Whitman. — P. |
| Ingelow. — P. | Prentiss. — D. | Whittier. — P. |
| Ingersoll. — O. | Reade. — S. | |
| Irving. — S. | Richter. — S. P. | |

Theory and practice. As already pointed out, the inductive process should be followed, or, in other words, theory should not precede practice. Begin the study of each phase of vocal expression with the reading of specific selections. The amount of theory which the student is required to master must depend upon the individual student.

Correct breathing.¹ Each department of vocal expression makes both general and special demands in vocal training. The complete control of the specific organs of speech under a proper organization of the same is an essential and preliminary step. Any careful study of the healthy child in sleep will reveal the fact that the centering of the action in breathing makes the diaphragm the master of the situation. To give free play to the action of this important muscle there must be no serious restriction at the waist by clothing or otherwise. The diaphragm lies immediately below the lungs, and in contracting pushes the organs beneath downward. This downward pressure is converted into a lateral forward pressure by the restrictive action of the hip and back bones and appears as a slight and general expansion extending from the hips to the sternum or breastbone.

The test of correct breathing. This correct action in breathing may be easily tested. Place one hand just beneath the sternum and the other upon the "small of the back." If the action in breathing is normal, there will be an expansive movement due to the contraction of the diaphragm. It will be stronger in front. To test the movement still further (throwing the voice to a distance), call, with considerable volume of tone, the name "John!" Before uttering the word take a deep, full breath, bringing into action the great breathing muscle. Then when the muscle is thoroughly contracted and giving the lungs a strong support, utter the word. If the work is correctly done, an outward pressure, both before and behind, will be distinctly felt.

¹ Read "Voice, Song, and Speech," by Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke.

With this free, natural action of the diaphragm thoroughly developed a great physical step has been taken, which means ultimately, under persistent and correct practice, a complete control of the voice. But frequently pupils are found whose habits of speech are so bad that the attainment of this step in vocal control is insufficient. Where the action is not centered beneath the lungs, it is usually so distributed that there is considerable movement above the lungs. Some of this is essential, — the movement of the vocal bands, the action of the tongue in forming sounds, the opening and shutting of the mouth, etc.; but frequently, so far as the jaw and tongue are concerned, these actions are so done that there is much restriction, which prevents pure tone and correct touch. With the center of power at the diaphragm this restrictive action may be lessened, but generally some specific attention must be paid to the movement of the jaw and tongue.

For example, in making the vowel *ē* the tongue is lifted and placed high in the mouth. If the mouth is kept almost shut, the tongue will be nearly in place for this action. Hence, in general, the mouth is kept nearly closed in forming this sound. When a loud utterance of this letter is demanded, much of the sound will be forced through the nose and this vowel will have a nasal quality. Such bad habits as these may be only partially corrected by the cultivation of correct breathing.

To test whether the action of the jaw and tongue is correct, use the sound which under normal conditions will be made when these organs are completely relaxed. It is called the "Italian *a*." It is marked *ä*. This is the first sound of human language and forms the basis of the words "pä," "mä," which are used to designate the names of

parents. Let the jaw completely relax ; feel the weight of the tongue lying lazily in the mouth ; and, having taken a deep breath, utter the sound *ä ä*. If the muscles immediately beneath the jaw show contraction, i.e. if the tongue moves at all, then the action is faulty.

In every other vowel sound the tongue moves somewhat, but it should perform its functions with as little action as possible (never closing the passage to the throat), and the jaw should always be relaxed. To utter correctly the letter *z*, then, relax the jaw as though the sound *ä* were going to be uttered, and the discovery may follow that the jaw and tongue are both lazy and relaxed.

The nature of the vocal programs. ~~It follows that~~ the programs for vocal training offered in this book will seek first, a general development, by centering the breath at the diaphragm and by freeing the action of the direct organs of speech ; and second, specific action to secure range in speech melody, resonance in speech quality, agility in speech rhythm, and power in speech dynamics.

Program for breath control. 1. Practice the breathing exercises as suggested above. Do not overdo the matter. Always vary the program with the use of joyous, lyrical, emotional lines, like

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin.

Remember that every exercise in speaking is an exercise for the cultivation of the breathing powers.

2. Learn the principal vowel sounds as given in Webster's International Dictionary or any other standard. The following will be sufficient :

ā, ä, a, ă,
 ē, ě,
 ī, ĭ,
 ō, ȯ, ȯ,
 ū, ů, ȯ (repeated for rhythmic effect),
 ou, oi.

Several exercises may be made from these sounds :

a. Let them be given with a strong falling inflection. Note that the breathing is correctly done; it must be deep and full. After the breath is taken it should be sustained during the utterance. If the utterance is powerful and explosive in nature there will be a slight outward pressure at the waist, as already pointed out. When the sound or word has been uttered, let there be a complete release of the breath—a thorough relaxation of the diaphragm—and a new breath taken for the second sound, etc.

b. Give the sounds again with a rising inflection. Let the power come from below the lungs, not from above. Remember that no muscle grows in strength except by use. Exercise the diaphragm just as you would any other muscle. Help will come from the application of the imagination to the work in hand. Think beautiful sounds, rich harmonies, and noble aspirations.

c. Give the sounds slowly, with one breath for all and on one pitch. In other words, chant them, solemnly and beautifully, in that part of the range of your voice where such action comes most easily.

3. Use a series of dramatic words, exclaimed with more or less explosive action, like

Well, well! Hold! Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Victory is won! Hark!

Such exercises should be multiplied with as much variety as possible in the vowel sound. For a good test as to

whether the vocal control is improving, the following might occasionally be used :

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow. Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah, ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go! — GOUGH

For further tests use the following exercises under speech melody: numbers 22, 23, 24, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 36.

CHAPTER I

ESSENTIALS IN VOCAL EXPRESSION

I. FUNDAMENTALS

The beginnings of public speaking. If we should trace back to their beginnings all arts which employ the human voice — acting, singing, speaking, literature (before writing) — we should in all probability arrive at one and the same point, namely, a communal performance of some sort, a vocal utterance in connection with a communal dance or a piece of communal work. In the dance success in war, in the chase, or in the harvest found utterance physically and psychically. In work the rhythmic unity of communal action may have furnished an exhilaration for rapid and continued action. The community at play united in a dance movement, controlled by the rhythmic life of the body, while they sang crude songs and acted out in a representative way the scenes celebrated.

At first the songs were, perchance, but vague sounds. Then gradually a few words, repeated over and over again, were used. These words responded in rhythmic movement to the action of the body. Thus, perhaps, poetry was born.

It is interesting in this connection to see how differently this same matter may be handled by different authors. Professor F. B. Gummere, in his "Beginnings of Poetry," puts it in this way (he is speaking of "Rhythm as the Essential Fact of Poetry") :

It is not hard to follow so plain a hint as one finds in the ethnological evidence; the actual habit of individual composition and performance has sprung from choral composition and performance. An entertainer and audience, an artist and a public, take for granted preceding social conditions; and it is generally admitted that social conditions begin with the festal dance as well as with communal labor. Where and when the individual recitative became a thing of prominence, as it undoubtedly did, is a matter to be studied in the individual and centrifugal impulse, in the progress of the poet: hence it is enough to show that rhythmic verse came directly from the choral song, and that neither the choral song, nor any regular song, could have come from the recitative. They need a developed stage of speech when the logical sentence has shaken itself free, to some extent, of mere emotional cadence and of almost meaningless repetitions. Here indeed begin the orator, the teller of tales, the artistic poet; but dance, song, and poetry itself begin with a communal consent, which is expressed by the most exact rhythm.

Mr. H. B. Alexander dissents somewhat from the above in his work, "Poetry and the Individual." Where he is speaking of the "Evolution of the Poetic Spirit," he says:

The characteristics of this early consciousness are apparent: first, interest absorbed by the immediate object of attention; second, communal inspired expression. But in the instances cited — coöperative labor and the dance — we are in the presence of some advancement in social evolution. Song could hardly have been brought forth from chance congregations of paleolithic savages except the instinct and need for it already existed in the individual. We must conceive a leader of the primeval chorus. All the bright day he follows the chase. He sees a haughty roebuck startled in the glade. It leaps away in terror, the bough-filtered light of the sun flecking the satiny haunches. The buck! The bounding buck! He hurls his flint-pointed dart, and turning away with his prize, he fashions a little song celebrating the one event that has made his day worth living: "O the buck! The bounding buck!" And at night beside the feast-fire, he repeats it till all take up the chorus.

Whichever view of this matter is taken, it is fair to assume that in the communal performance, at play or at toil, and more probably the former, may be found the protoplasmic material out of which has sprung every phase of public speaking. In the social evolution of the community the individual singer, actor, dancer, or worker more and more performed solo for the admiration or information of his fellows, and they may have joined in a choral response. A further evolution would lead to a segregation in art, and speaking, singing, acting, and dancing would each become a separate art. This highly probable process in the development of public speaking should be kept in mind in the study of every phase of the subject, for it may help to furnish some explanation of its present condition. It should be kept in mind, then, in the study of vocal expression with which this treatise is chiefly concerned.

The nature of vocal expression. From an elementary standpoint, vocal expression in speech is the manifestation of mind through matter where matter is the human voice. Failures in public speaking among young people are generally due to a lack of a strong, well-equipped, fertile mind. The first test of every speaker is a mind test, — is he a man of "brains"? Success, then, in vocal expression will depend upon the mind behind it, the intellectual force. But complete success waits upon an accomplishment which rarely appears divorced from a well-equipped mind, and rarely appears in connection with it except where there has been careful training, — a good delivery. Right mind, then, is primary; right voice is final where vocal expression is concerned. So cultivation of mind and voice must usually go hand in hand in the mastery of

vocal expression. "Thought without action is dead," says the psychologist. In vocal expression thought must seek an outlet through voice, which thus becomes an object of study. In fact, some study of it, if rightly conducted, will assist in its cultivation.

The medium of vocal expression. The human voice, the medium of vocal expression, is a form of sound. The principal material in which an art works must determine, in a large measure, the character of the art. The art of vocal expression depends upon a specific sound, the human voice, for its nature. It follows, then, that in the elementary qualities and attributes of sound a basis may be found for the study of vocal expression.

Sound as a sensation. Sound in its most elementary form is a sensation. This is excited by the vibration of bodies external to the brain. This vibratory motion is communicated to the brain through the organ of hearing. Every sensation, whether of seeing, hearing, or what not, must have certain attributes which serve to awaken consciousness and give it definite character : (1) There must be something about every sensation which will distinguish it in kind from every other sensation ; (2) a sensation must continue long enough to be recognized ; (3) a sensation must be strong enough, must have a sufficiently high degree of intensity, to identify it. For example, a sound sensation must have (1) pitch, which serves to give it definite form and character ; (2) it must continue long enough to be recognized ; (3) it must have sufficient loudness to be heard. Without these three attributes a sensation would fail to be identified and distinguished ; that is, there would be no sensation. Vocal expression then, from the very nature of the human voice and the method by

which sound is communicated, will be characterized by changes in pitch, time, and intensity.

The nature of pitch. Pitch may be said to affect sound in two ways : (1) there is a fundamental tone which appeals most strongly to the ear and acts as the determining pitch ; (2) this is always a composite tone due to resonance. A sound of one pitch is never heard. The ear of the untrained listener may not note any but the pitch of the fundamental tone. But every sound-producing body is resonant. Resonance is the sympathetic vibration of bodies which respond to a given sound. The parts of the sound-producing instrument may respond. Resonant bodies near at hand may do the same, and these responses reënforce the original sound with tones of varying pitches and intensities, some higher than the original or fundamental tone. This blended tone (which in its component parts appeals only to the trained ear), with its fundamental and its higher tones, or overtones, is the composite which gives what is called quality to the voice.

Departments of vocal expression. Apply now these facts to vocal expression and there are possibly four departments : (1) speech melody, which is due to the variety of the fundamental pitches of the tones of the voice in utterance ; (2) speech quality, which is due to the combinations of tones of varying pitches and intensities ; (3) speech rhythm, which is due to the variation of the element of time in the vocal utterance ; and (4) speech dynamics, which is due to the varying intensity of speech sounds. These divisions are based upon the mechanical nature of sound, and correspond, respectively, to similar departments in music. The study of vocal expression, as outlined in this treatise, is founded upon these divisions.

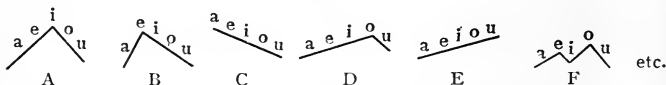
II. VOCAL PROGRAM

Speech melody. 1. With relaxed throat, jaw, and tongue utter the sound *ä*, (1) with a rising inflection as though in the climax of a joyous surprise. Breathe deeply but easily and let the tone be well sustained. (2) Utter the sound with a falling inflection as though in the climax of a joyous approval and satisfaction. These are among the most helpful exercises for vocal development. (3) Vary the pitch of the sound, gradually extending the range of utterance, always keeping close to the point where the tone is easily made.

2. With conditions the same as in the previous exercises, practice exclamations of a dramatic nature. Use the word "come," and give it with varying degrees of emotion and with varying emotions. Give it in the different parts of the range of the voice.

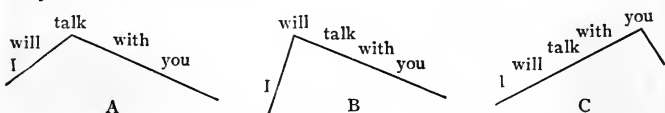
3. Give sentences, as, "Come here; no, go there!" noting the constant change in pitch on each sound and between sounds, and the contrasts in pitches.

4. With varying pitches as indicated utter the vowel sounds :



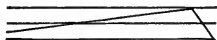
This exercise will help students to realize the fact of speech melody.

5. Use some sentence to show how the meaning will vary with the form, as :



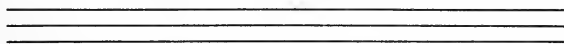
6. Let the student bring sentences properly diagrammed to represent in a rough way the logical thought of the selection, somewhat as indicated here :

Saratoga is won!

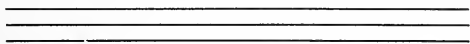


In the same manner let the student diagram and hand in the following :

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath ;



and we are told that he kept his marriage vow.



By making each line contain but a single phrase the student will learn not only the melody of the thought but something of its rhythm.

In the same manner let the student diagram the following exercises in speech melody : numbers 3, 6, 11, 14, 21, 28, and 32.

CHAPTER II

SPEECH MELODY

I. PRACTICAL EXERCISES

1. "Freedom!" their battle-cry. — BOKER
2. Saratoga is won! — LIPPARD
3. Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! — CARLYLE
4. So long as we love we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. — STEVENSON
5. I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth: God has given America to be free! — LIPPARD
6. My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.
BURKE
7. The soul of all genius is to be man; if one be great, one cannot fail to speak, act, write, paint, live greatly. — GRIGGS
8. "Charge!" trumpet and drum awoke; onward the bondman broke; bayonet and sabre stroke vainly opposed their rush!
BOKER
9. Resolve!
To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it that I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!

To wait in weakness and to walk in power ;
 But always fronting onward to the light.
 Always and always facing toward the right.
 Robbed, starved, defeated, wide astray —
 On, with what strength I have !
 Back to the way !

10. Masterpieces are surprisingly rare, yet when they come, how simple and inevitable they seem to be ! It then seems as if all other workers had blindly thwarted their own efforts, while the master simply lent himself actively and freely to the forces of life and nature which found exalted and spontaneous expression through him.

GRIGGS

11. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?

SHAKESPEARE

12. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ? — PATRICK HENRY

13. Four men stood before God at the end of The First Week, watching Him whirl His little globe. The first man said to Him, "Tell me how you did it." The second man said, "What is it for ?" The third man said, "Let me have it." The fourth man said nothing, and fell down and worshipped. Having worshipped, he rose to his feet and made a world himself. These four men have been known in history as the Scientist, the Philosopher, the Man of Affairs, and the Artist. — G. S. LEE. *Copyright, B. W. Huebsch, Publisher*

14. "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"

HALLECK

15. My heart is awed within me, when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me, — the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd forever.

16. Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
 Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
 Flames, on the windy headland, flare!
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
 Melt into stars for the land's desire!
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
 Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
 Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
 And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
 The sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea —
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us and make us your own:
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!

TENNYSON

17. Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience. The God of this people of Israel chose our fathers, and exalted the people when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with an high arm brought he them out of it. And about the time of forty years suffered he their manners in the wilderness. And when

he had destroyed seven nations in the land of Chanaan, he divided their land to them by lot. And after that he gave unto them judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years, until Samuel the prophet. And afterward they desired a king: and God gave unto them Saul the son of Cis, a man of the tribe of Benjamin, by the space of forty years. And when he had removed him, he raised up unto them David to be their king; to whom also he gave testimony, and said, I have found David the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will. Of this man's seed hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus: when John had first preached before his coming the baptism of repentance to all the people of Israel. And as John fulfilled his course, he said, Whom think ye that I am? I am not he. But, behold, there cometh one after me, whose shoes of his feet I am not worthy to loose.

Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent. For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him. And though they found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead: And he was seen many days of them which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses unto the people. And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again; as it is also written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. And as concerning that he raised him up from the dead, now no more to return to corruption, he said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David. Wherefore he saith also in another psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption: But he, whom God raised again, saw no corruption.

Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: And by him

all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken by the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: For I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you.

Acts xiii, 16-41

18. Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm. — EMERSON

19. Language! — the blood of the soul, Sir! into which our thoughts run and out of which they grow! We know what a word is worth here in Boston. Young Sam Adams got up on the stage at Commencement out at Cambridge there, with his gown on, the governor looking on in the name of his Majesty, King George the Second, and the girls looking down out of the galleries, and taught the people how to spell a word that was n't in the colonial dictionaries! R-e, re, s-i-s, sis, t-a-n-c-e, tance, resistance! That was in '43, and it was a good many years before the Boston boys began spelling it with their muskets; — but when they did begin, they spelt it so loud that the old bedridden women in the English almshouses heard every syllable! — HOLMES

20. When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, Death has been among us. He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown and ignoble peasant: he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of

21. The Spring — she is a blessed thing !
 She is the mother of the flowers !
 She is mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their reveries,
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.

MARY HOWITT

27. He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,

But at last silence comes !

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

LOWELL

28. What 's the matter ?

What 's the matter ! here be four of us have taken a thousand pounds.

Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Where is it ? taken from us it is. — SHAKESPEARE

29. Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.

Luke xv, 12

30. Give it here, my honest fellow.

You will take it ?

To be sure I will.

And will smoke it ?

That I will.

And will not think of giving me anything in return ?

31. Rise ! Sleep no more ! 'Tis a noble morn.

The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back like the beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground.

Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky !

Our horses are ready and steady. — So, ho !

I 'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

Hark — Hark ! — Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn ?

The horn, — the horn !

The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

CORNWALL

32. Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

MACAULAY

33. Hence! home, you idle creatures; get you home!

SHAKESPEARE

34. Must I budge? must I observe you? must I stand and crouch under your testy humour? — SHAKESPEARE

35. O name of liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship, in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the people of Rome! Has it after all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province that belongs to the people of Rome, in a town ruled by Rome, is to be bound and beaten with rods in the forum by a man who holds these rods and axes — those awful emblems of Roman sovereignty — by grace of that same Roman people? What remains to be said of the fact that fire, and red-hot plates, and other tortures were applied? Even if his agonized cries and piteous entreaties did not check you, Verres, were you not moved by the tears and groans which burst from the Roman citizens who were present and witnessed the scene? How dared you drag to the cross any man who claimed to be a citizen of Rome? —

I did not intend, gentlemen, to press this case so strongly — I did not indeed; for you saw on my former pleading how bitter with indignation and hate and dread of a common peril was the public feeling against the defendant. — CICERO

36. Hurrah for the sea! the all-glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which impatient, like them, cannot yield to control.

37. Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of your crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is. — TENNYSON

38. My boy, the first thing you want to learn — if you haven't learned to do it already — is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. For one thing it will save you so much

trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell the truth you can tell it without thinking. You don't have to stop and wonder how you told it yesterday. You won't have to stop and look round and see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie his wife had to tell another just like it. You see if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble.

BURDETTE

39. O for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high:
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.
40. " How much, dear, do you love me?"
 I softly asked the maid.
 " I love you 'most to pieces,"
 The laughing lassie said.
- Ah, well! I sometimes ponder
 Upon the words she spoke.
 She loves me " 'most to pieces,"
 But would she love me " broke."—PUCK

41. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear

a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. — SHAKESPEARE

42. A well known clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas, in the form of written statement, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive. "For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows":

The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock.

43. The people gave their voice, and the danger that hung upon our borders went by like a cloud. Then was the time for the upright citizen to show the world if he could suggest anything better: — but now his cavils come too late. The statesman and adventurer are alike in nothing, but there is nothing in which they differ more than in this. The statesman declares his mind before the event, and submits himself to be tested by those who have believed him, by fortune, by his own use of opportunities, by every one and everything. The adventurer is silent when he ought to have spoken, and then if there is a disagreeable result, he fixes his eye of malice upon that. As I have said, then was the opportunity of the man who cared for Athens and the assertion of justice. — DEMOSTHENES

44. *Mr. Sipp.* Young man, how dare you swear before my wife?

Boy. How did I know your wife wanted to swear first?

45. How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed, that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate? That we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; — the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and, with measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury.

CICERO

46. He who speaks honestly cares not, need not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time. For him who speaks dishonestly, the fittest of all punishments seems to be this same, which the nature of the case provides. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely utter Truth, and Truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility, — is among the most indisputable of malefactors omitted or inserted in the criminal calendar. — CARLYLE

47. Of all the qualities which great books and especially the Bible have, few are more remarkable than their power of bringing out the unity of disassociated and apparently contradictory ideas. One of the peculiarities of their use of common words is the way in which they take two which seem directly opposite and, carrying out each into its highest meaning, find for them a meeting-place in some larger truth. It gives a glimpse of the final unity of all truth. We live down about the bases of the words we use; see them in their simply human relations; see them where they touch the ground. To us they seem to stand opposite, over against each other, ununited, ununitable. But

we must never forget that every true thought outgoes its human relations, and for all true thoughts there must be some place of meeting. Inspiration is just the entrance of their complete meaning into human words; and then, filled with God they are illuminated, and we can trace them all the way up and see that they are not isolated columns, but parts of a structure. They are not opposite and contradictory, but they meet together in an arch of one harmonious meaning. And then all language builds itself from being a wilderness of unconnected pillars, — about which we wander as an insect creeps from pillar to pillar across a vast cathedral floor, having no suspicion of its unity, — into one vast temple wherein intelligent men walk upright, looking upward to where the great roof collects and harmonizes all, and do intelligent worship.

48. You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture. — PHILLIPS

49. All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their condition and position in life. A tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition was accosted thus:

Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel entrance). No, I have no money to spare you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging.

Lazy Tramp. I suppose mum, it's fer the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keeping house.

50. Flower of the green-knolled meadows, blood-born, tinting
the earth,

Filled with scarlet ichor, symbol of war's red birth,
Now when May's rare splendors bring to the land increase,
I pause to pluck thy blossoms spread thick as the drifted
snow. — BENTON

51. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the Earth, still full high advanced ; its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured ; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards" ; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable ! — WEBSTER

52. Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheerfully answer for myself : Because that thou mayest understand, that there are yet but twelve days since I went up to Jerusalem for to worship. And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man, neither raising up the people, neither in the synagogues, nor in the city : Neither can they prove the things whereof they now accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets : And have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men. Now after many years I came to bring alms to my nation, and offerings. Whereupon certain Jews from Asia found me purified in the temple, neither with multitude, nor with tumult. Who ought to have been here before thee, and object, if they had aught against me. Or else let these same here say, if they have found any evil doing in me, while I stood before the council, except it be for this one voice, that I cried standing among them, Touching the resurrection of the dead I am called in question by you this day.

Acts xxiv, 10-21

53. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth. — LINCOLN

54. Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows:
Loses them too. Then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me? — LYL

55. I plucked a honeysuckle where
 The hedge on high is quick with thorn,
 And climbing for the prize, was torn,
 And fouled my feet in quag-water;
 And by the thorns and by the wind
 The blossom that I took was thinn'd,
 And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came,
 Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,
 The honeysuckles sprang in scores,
 Not harried like my single stem,
 All virgin lamps of scent and dew.
 So from my hand that first I threw,
 Yet plucked not any more of them. — ROSSETTI

56.

A HOLIDAY IN BED

Now is the time for a real holiday. Take it in bed, if you are wise.

People have tried a holiday in bed before now, and have found it a failure, but that was because they were ignorant of the rules. They went to bed with the open intention of staying there, say, three days, and found to their surprise that each morning they wanted to get up. This was a novel experience to them, they flung about restlessly, and probably shortened their holiday. The proper thing is to take your holiday in bed with a vague intention of getting up in another quarter of an hour. The real pleasure of lying in bed after you are awake is largely due to the feeling that you ought to get up. To take another quarter of an hour then becomes a luxury.

To enjoy your holiday in bed to the full, you should let it be vaguely understood that there is something amiss with you. Don't go into details, for they are not necessary; and, besides, you want to be dreamy more or less, and the dreamy state is not consistent with a definite ailment. The moment one takes to bed he gets sympathy. He may be suffering from a tearing headache or tooth that makes him cry out; but if he goes about his business, or even flops in a chair, true sympathy is denied him. Let him take to bed with one of

those illnesses of which he can say with accuracy that he is not quite certain what is the matter with him, and his wife, for instance, will want to bathe his brow. She must not be made too anxious. That would not only be cruel to her but it would wake you from the dreamy state. She must simply see that you are "not yourself." Women have an idea that unless men are "not themselves" they will not take to bed, and as a consequence your wife is tenderly thoughtful of you. Every little while she will ask if you are feeling any better now, and you reply, with the old regard for truth, "much about the same." You may even (for your own pleasure) talk of getting up now, when she will earnestly urge you to stay in bed until you feel easier. You consent; indeed you are ready to do anything to please her.

The ideal holiday in bed does not require the presence of a ministering angel in the room all the time. You frequently prefer to be alone, and point out to your wife that you cannot have her trifling with her health for your sake, and so she must go out for a walk. She is reluctant, but finally goes, protesting that you are the most unselfish of men, and only too good for her. This leaves a pleasant aroma behind it, for even when lying in bed, we like to feel that we are uncommonly fine fellows. After she is gone you get up cautiously, and walking stealthily to the wardrobe, produce from the pocket of your coat a novel. A holiday in bed must be arranged for beforehand. With a gleam in your eye you slip back to bed, double your pillow to make it higher, and begin to read.

Those who have never tried it may fancy that there is a lack of incident in a holiday in bed. There could not be a more monstrous mistake. You are in the middle of a chapter when suddenly you hear a step upon the stair. Your loving ears tell you that your wife has returned, and is hastening to you. Now, what happens? The book disappears beneath the pillow, and when she enters the room softly you are lying there with your eyes shut. This is not merely incident, it is drama.

What happens next depends upon circumstances. She says in a low voice — "Are you feeling any easier now, John?"

No answer.

"Oh, I believe he is sleeping."

Then she steals from the room and you begin to read again.

During a holiday in bed one never thinks, of course, of analyzing his actions. If you had done so in this instance, you would have seen that you pretended sleep because you had got to an exciting passage. You love your wife, but, wife or no wife, you must see how the passage ends.

Possibly the little scene plays differently, as thus —

"John, are you feeling any easier now?"

No answer.

"Are you asleep?"

No answer.

"What a pity! I don't want to waken him, and yet the fowl will be spoilt."

"Is that you back, Marion?"

"Yes, dear; I thought you were asleep."

"No, only thinking."

"You think too much, dear. I have cooked a chicken for you."

"I have no appetite."

"I'm so sorry, but I can give it to the children."

"Oh, as it's cooked, you may as well bring it up."

In that case your reason for change of action is obvious. But why do you not let your wife know that you have been reading? This is another matter that you never reason about. Perhaps, it is because of your craving for sympathy, and you fear that if you were seen enjoying a novel the sympathy would go. Or, perhaps, it is that a holiday in bed is never perfect without a secret. Monotony must be guarded against, and so long as you keep the book to yourself your holiday in bed is a healthy excitement. A stolen book (as we may call it) is like stolen fruit, sweeter than what you can devour openly. The boy enjoys his stolen apple, because at any moment he may have to slip it down the leg of his trousers, and pretend that he has merely climbed the tree to enjoy the scenery. You enjoy your book doubly because you feel that it is a forbidden pleasure. Or, do you conceal the book from your wife lest she should think that you are over-exerting yourself. She must not be made anxious on your account. Ah, that is it.

People who pretend (for it is mere pretence) that they enjoy their holiday in the country, explain that the hills or the sea gave them such an appetite. I could never myself feel the delight of being able

to manage an extra herring for breakfast, but it should be pointed out that neither mountains nor oceans give you such an appetite as a holiday in bed. What makes people eat more anywhere is that they have nothing else to do, and in bed you have lots of time for meals. As for the quality of the food supplied, there is no comparison. In the Highlands it is ham and eggs all day till you sicken. At the seaside it is fish till the bones stick in your mouth. But in bed — oh, there you get something worth eating. You don't take three big meals a day, but twelve little ones, and each time it is something different from the last. There are delicacies for breakfast, for your four luncheons and your five dinners. You explain to your wife that you have lost your appetite, and she believes you, but at the same time she has the sense to hurry on your dinner. At the clatter of dishes (for which you have been lying listening) you raise your poor head, and say faintly: "Really, Marion, I can't touch food."

"But this is nothing, only the wing of a partridge."

You take a side glance at it, you see that there is also the other wing and the body and two legs. Your alarm thus dispelled, you say — "I really can't."

"But, dear, it is so beautifully cooked."

"Yes, but I have no appetite."

"But try to take it, John, for my sake."

Then for her sake you say she can leave it on the chair, and perhaps you will just taste it. As soon as she has gone you devour that partridge, and when she comes back she has the sense to say — "Why, you have scarcely eaten anything. What could you take for supper?"

You say you can take nothing, but if she likes she can cook a large sole, only you won't be able to touch it.

"Poor dear!" (she says) "your appetite has completely gone," and then she rushes to the kitchen to cook the sole with her own hands. In half-an-hour she steals into your room with it, and then you (who have been wondering why she is such a time) start up protesting, "I hope, Marion, this is nothing for me."

"Only the least little bit of a sole, dear."

"But I told you I could eat nothing."

"Well, this is nothing, it is so small."

You look again, and see with relief that it is a large sole.

"I would rather you took it away."

"But, dear —"

"I tell you I have no appetite."

"Of course I know that; but how can you hope to preserve your strength if you eat so little? You have had nothing all day."

You glance at her face to see if she is in earnest, for you can remember three breakfasts, four luncheons, two dinners, and sandwiches between; but evidently she is not jesting. Then you yield.

"Oh, well, to keep my health up I may just put a fork into it."

"Do, dear; it will do you good, though you have no caring for it."

Take a holiday in bed if only to discover what an angel your wife is.

There is only one thing to guard against. Never call it a holiday. Continue not to feel sure what is wrong with you, and talk vaguely of getting up presently. Your wife will suggest calling in the doctor, but pooh-pooh him. Be firm on that point. The chances are that he won't understand your case. — BARRIE

57.

IF WE HAD THE TIME

If I had the time to find a place
 And sit me down full face to face
 With my better self, that cannot show
 In my daily life that rushes so:
 It might be then I would see my soul
 Was stumbling still towards the shining goal,
 I might be nerved by the thought sublime, —
 If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
 Speak out and take in my life apart,
 To look about and to stretch a hand
 To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
 Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
 And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
 I think that my wish with God's would rhyme, —
 If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
 How much for comfort my word could do ;
 And I told you then of my sudden will
 To kiss your feet when I did you ill ;
 If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
 Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained,—
 Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
 If we had the time! — RICHARD BURTON

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58.

A CONSERVATIVE

The garden beds I wandered by
 One bright and cheerful morn,
 When I found a new-fledged butterfly
 A-sitting on a thorn,
 A black and crimson butterfly,
 All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
 To infant butterflies,
 So I gazed on this unhappy thing
 With wonder and surprise,
 While sadly with his waving wing
 He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
 Why weepest thou so sore?
 With garden fair and sunlight free
 And flowers in goodly store —"
 But he only turned away from me
 And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
 Where once I had a swarm!
 Soft fuzzy fur — a joy to view —
 Once kept my body warm,
 Before these flapping wing-things grew,
 To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
"I only want to squirm!"
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm:
"I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!
To-day of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black,
The last I saw was this,—
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis. — C. P. GILMAN

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59.

SELF-RELIANCE

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, — and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this.

They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without preëstablished harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. . . . We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. . . . A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos and the Dark. — EMERSON

60.

REPENT YE

With this startling revolutionary cry Jesus began His public ministry. In the ears of those who listened, it was not unfamiliar, for the rough prophet of the Jordan had already been uttering it to listening thousands. Even then it was not new, for men had heard it in the prophecies of by-gone days, and it was a familiar note to all acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures.

Like everything else which Jesus uttered it took a new meaning when it fell from His lips. It may safely be affirmed that as regards the effect it produced upon the rulers, it finally led to His crucifixion. It was a word without a tone of apology or a suggestion of argument. It had the emphasis of authority, and it did not admit of the possibility of appeal. It is a call which can never be said to have been popular. And yet it has always been the first demand of such as have spoken the word of God to men. If it could be omitted from the preaching of to-day, men would have less objection to listen. It is therefore that we should understand its meaning.

It is probable that to the men who heard the word as it fell from the lips of Jesus it had an emphasis somewhat different from that which it has to the ordinary man of to-day. To them it was a word that belonged to the mental realm and had no reference to conduct.

It is perfectly true that the outcome of obedience to it would be a change of conduct, but so far as the word repent is concerned, it was an appeal to the mind. It would be perfectly accurate to render it: "Change your mind!" "Think differently!"

We have come to associate the idea of sorrow and amendment of life with this word. Both these things have relation to the thought of repentance, but they come into our theology through another word which means remorse. We have lost something of our simplicity by this intrusion. Taking the word in its simple meaning, as Christ made use of it, it demands a change in the thought or conception, which underlies all activity. The fact that Christ has used this word as the keynote of all His ministry reveals a method. It is that of recognizing the formative influence of thought on man's conduct. He made His appeal to the springs of action, recognizing that if a man's thinking is wrong, everything is wrong. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

It follows, therefore, that to whomsoever Christ uttered this word it involved condemnation. He said in effect to the men of His age: Your character and conduct are wrong, because your conceptions are wrong. All the attitudes and activities of life are the outcome of underlying thought or conception, and at the beginning of His ministry, and in His initial dealing with men, the Master calls for a change of mind, a new conception. The context explains the nature of the wrong thought. "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." By saying this He declared that their thinking was out of harmony with the principles of that kingdom. While the language of the kingdom was upon their lips, and their lives were spent in great part in attendance upon its external observances, their underlying conceptions of life were godless. The fact of the eternal throne, and the intimate relation between spiritual and material things, they did not admit in the deepest fact of their being. This is always the supreme evil. Creeds there may be or may not be; but if there be no living consciousness of God and His throne, the life and conduct and character must inevitably be godless. For the correction of all that is external, Christ, therefore, commands a change of attitude in thought which is the inspiration of activity. The conduct of the kingdom can only be the outcome of kingdom conceptions. Where both these are lacking, Christ comes with His startling and revolutionary cry, "Repent Ye!"

The supreme argument of obedience to His call is Himself. In Him the kingdom was manifest among men. His thinking was supremely that of the consciousness of God, and consequently His whole life was ordered in all its activities by the will of God, and in His character all the breadth and beauty and beneficence of that kingdom stand confessed before the eyes of men. In calling men to repentance He emphasized the necessity of obedience by what He was in himself. In calling men to Himself He emphasized the necessity of repentance. His whole character and conduct were a perpetual contradiction to that of the men of His age. To continue living as they were they must get rid of Him. To change conduct and character in order that it might be made to harmonize with His, it was absolutely necessary that they should first change their mind, that is, repent.

It is quite possible that to-day the heart of man will rebel against

the call to repentance, but it is not possible for any man to stand in the presence of Christ, and admit the beauty of the pattern which He presents without knowing it to be necessary to repent. A man may stand alone and examine his own life as to character and conduct and conception, and be perfectly satisfied. Or he may compare himself among his fellows, and be complacent with the satisfaction of the Pharisees, or rebellious with the daring of the sinner. But to bring the life into the light of the Christ-revelation of purpose and possibility is at once to consent to the reasonableness of His call to repentance.

When that reasonableness is recognized, the question becomes one of choice and decision. Shall we change our mind, or shall we refuse to do so? In other words shall we reject the Christ or crown Him? Let the issue be considered before the decision is made.

To repeat the formula more than once referred to: Out of conception, conduct will proceed, and character will be created. To refuse to change the mind is to decline to yield up the life to the throne of God and to accept the divine ideal. This is inevitably to make choice of ultimate ruin. Like every other call of the Master, this is faithful and true, and yet it leaves man free to make his own choice. "Repent ye" is an arresting and troublesome word. It is such, however, only to those whose conceptions are degraded and who are missing the mark of their high calling. Infinitely better the humiliation which confesses wrong, and turns from it, to find the great ennoblement which must inevitably follow such obedience, than the stubborn pride which rejects the high ideal of infinite love only to find the unutterable humbling of lasting failure.

61. A SCENE FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD

Characters: OLD FISHERMAN PEGGOTTY, HAM PEGGOTTY, DAVID COPPERFIELD

NOTE. The scene is the interior of the "Old Ark"; the time is evening. The rain is falling outside, yet inside the old ark all is snug and comfortable. The fire is burning brightly on the hearth, and Mother Gummidge sits by it knitting. Ham has gone out to fetch Little Em'ly home from her work, and the old fisherman sits smoking his evening pipe by the table near the window. They are expecting

Steerforth and Copperfield in to spend the evening. Presently a knock is heard and David enters. Old Peggotty gets up to greet him.

Old Peggotty. Why! It's Mas'r Davy! Glad to see you, Mas'r Davy, you're the first of the lot! Take off that cloak of yours if it's wet and draw right up to the fire. Don't you mind Mawther Gum-midge, Mas'r Davy; she's a-thinkin' of the old 'un. She allers do be thinkin' of the old 'un when ther's a storm a-comin' up, along of his havin' been drowned at sea. Well, now, I must go and light up accordin' to custom. (*He lights a candle and puts it on the table by the window.*) Theer we are! Theer we are! A-lighted up accordin' to custom. Now, Mas'r Davy, you're a-wonderin' what that little candle is fur, ain't yer? Well, I'll tell yer. It's for my Little Em'ly. You see, the path ain't light or cheerful arter dark, so when I'm home along the time that Little Em'ly comes home from her work, I allers lights the little candle and puts it there on the table in the winder, and it serves two purposes, — first, Em'ly sees it and she says: "Theer's home," and likewise, "Theer's Uncle," fur if I ain't here I never have no light showed. Theer! Now you're laughin' at me Mas'r Davy! You're sayin' as how I'm a babby. Well, I don't know but I am. (*Walks toward table.*) Not a babby to look at, but a babby to consider on. A babby in the form of a Sea Porkypine.

See the candle sparkle! I can hear it say — "Em'ly's lookin' at me! Little Em'ly's comin'!" Right I am for here she is! (*He goes to the door to meet her; the door opens and Ham comes staggering in.*)

Ham. She's gone! Her that I'd a died fur, and will die fur even now! She's gone!

Peggotty. Gone!

Ham. Gone! She's run away! And think how she's run away when I pray my good and gracious God to strike her down dead, sooner than let her come to disgrace and shame.

Peggotty. Em'ly gone! I'll not believe it. I must have proof — proof.

Ham. Read that writin'.

Peggotty. No! I won't read that writin' — read it you, Mas'r Davy. Slow, please. I don't know as I can understand.

David (reads). "When you see this I shall be far away."

Peggotty. Stop theer, Mas'r Davy! Stop theer! Fur away! My Little Em'ly fur away! Well?

David (reads). "Never to come back again unless he brings me back a lady. Don't remember, Ham, that we were to be married, but try to think of me as if I had died long ago, and was buried somewhere. My last love and last tears for Uncle."

Peggotty. Who's the man? What's his name? I want to know the man's name.

Ham. It warn't no fault of yours, Mas'r Davy, that I know.

Peggotty. What! You don't mean his name's Steerforth, do you?

Ham. Yes! His name is Steerforth and he's a cursed villain!

Peggotty. Where's my coat? Give me my coat! Help me on with it, Mas'r Davy. Now bear a hand theer with my hat.

David. Where are you going, Mr. Peggotty?

Peggotty. I'm a goin' to seek fur my Little Em'ly. First I'm going to stave in that theer boat and sink it where I'd a drowned him, as I'm a livin' soul, if I'd a known what he had in him! I'd a drowned him, and thought I was doin' right! Now I'm going to seek fur my Little Em'ly throughout the wide wurld!

Adapted from DICKENS

62.

THE CAPTURE OF A TROUT

The trout knew nothing of all this. They had not tasted a worm for a month, except when a sod of the bank fell in, through cracks of the sun, and the way cold water has of licking upward. And even the flies had no flavor at all; when they fell on the water, they fell flat, and on the palate they tasted hot, even under the bushes.

Hilary followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting his shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up stream, as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with

something, a clump of loose-strife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with. "This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade; "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't bite till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience: for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying pan."

He gave the fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another: the while he was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that his trout was a Triton.

Then with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the summer-time, — compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's, — with, or in, and by a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access to the water, without any doubt in the mind of the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought: for he had his own favorite spot for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let

the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the white moth also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted sides with his tail.

"Upon my word, it is too bad!" said Hilary, after three beautiful throws, and exquisite management down stream: "everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if it had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow, where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things he might have lived to a venerable age, but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal even to the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through overeagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him, "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail, and turned to go home again. Alas, his sweet home shall know him no more! For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if ever I land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springle-bow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were to come to a corner where a nut bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for, now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out into an open reach of water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said, "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he struck his rod into the bank, ran down the stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit of the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two and three quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

While he cut his fly out of this grand trout's mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; then he saw how he had dyed the water.

BLACKMORE

63.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

STAVE ONE. MARLEY'S GHOST

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead. Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he had been partners for I do not know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it yet stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door, — SCROOGE AND MARLEY. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect, — they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him on the streets to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could n't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation that Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah! humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that I am sure!"

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good has it ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of the season as a good time. Therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!"

"Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him — yes, indeed, he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why? why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love. Good afternoon!"

"Nay, Uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened.

Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon!"

"A merry Christmas, Uncle."

"Good afternoon!"

"And a Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

The hour of shutting up the counting-house had arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill-used, I'll be bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir!"

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers that had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of buildings up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of his house, except that it was very large; also, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in the place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet

Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the locker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at the phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs. Slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went. Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that. Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room, all as they should be. Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire to take his gruel.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange inexplicable dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to ring. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below. Then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a spectre passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried out, "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" — Marley's voice, no doubt about it!

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I was?"

"Who were you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you — can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he did n't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, or a fragment of an under-done potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he by any means feel waggish then. The truth is that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his horror.

But how much greater was his horror, when, the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. My spirit — mark me! — in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And traveling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years."

"O blind man, blind man! Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet I was like this man!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob."

"Business! Mankind was my business; charity, forbearance,

mercy, benevolence, the common welfare, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business. I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance to escape my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me, thank 'ee!"

"You will be haunted by three spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? I—I think I'd rather not."

"Without these visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

It walked backward from him; and every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the apparition reached it, it was wide open; and the spirit floated out upon the air and disappeared.

Adapted from DICKENS

II. SPEECH MELODY

Nature of speech melody. Read aloud the two sentences below:

Woman, without her man, is a brute!

Woman! without her, man is a brute!

If these two sentences are read as punctuated, two matters appeal to us: (1) The vocal utterance has variety in the pitch of the tones; and (2) the variety in pitch responds to variety in thought and feeling. In the utterance of these two sentences the feeling may be quite similar, but there is a great contrast in the thought, a startling contrast,—the one is the direct contradiction of the other. The melodic contrast in the form of the vocal expression of the two sentences is the powerful means of conveying this contrast, this contradiction of thought. Aside from the mere words, which may be called the symbolic language, changes in pitch are here shown to be a natural

language for conveying intellectual and emotional concepts. Speech melody may be defined, then, in two ways, from two standpoints: (1) Mechanically or physically it is the variation of the pitch of the voice in utterance; (2) psychically it is the response in the pitch of the voice to the variety of thought and feeling. The intellectual concept awakened by this sentence when heard, — "King Charles walked and talked a half an hour after his head was cut off!" — is very different from the one awakened by this: "King Charles walked and talked; a half an hour after, his head was cut off!"

Does emotion, then, have no effect upon the speech melody? The mind is a unit, and any manifestation of the mind will carry evidence of every phase of the mind's action. As we shall see later, emotion may have a powerful effect upon the speech melody. The character of the emotion in the two sentences given below causes a wide difference in the range of the voice in the changes of pitch:

Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

But the concern now is with the thing which is most essential in conveying the intellectual phase of the thought. For the first need in utterance is to make the thought clear. In writing, clearness is a fundamental element of style. It is the same in vocal expression. A failure to convey the real meaning of the thought is the worst kind of speech failure. When the language in which the thought is conveyed carries one idea and the speech melody expresses another, vocal expression generally has

failed of its mission. The first study of the learner in this field, then, must be directed to making the thought clear through speech melody. Failure to grasp the thought must result in failure to give it. Speech melody is logically, then, our first object of study in vocal expression; but under normal conditions it must be reached from the mind side, not from the body side of utterance.

Character of the changes in pitch. Changes in pitch may occur in two ways : (1) between syllables and between words ; and (2) upon a single syllable or word of one syllable. In the sentence, "Woman ! without her, man is a brute," the word "woman" is uttered with a fall in pitch upon each syllable. To such a change of pitch the name Inflection is given. It may be rising, falling, or circumflex. Again, between the word "woman" and the word "without" there is a change of pitch under normal conditions, but the change is effected with the help of a period of silence coming between the two pitches. Such a change may be either to a higher or to a lower level of pitch. To this characteristic vocal action of speech melody the name Change of Pitch is given. Other terms might be used in naming these modulations of the voice, but these are already in general use and will suffice. Change of pitch, then, may be defined as the modulation of the voice by which it passes, by an interval of silence, from one point in its range to another. Similarly, inflection is that modulation of the voice in which, during its emission, it passes from one point in its range to another. These definitions are based upon the mechanical action of the voice. In this connection speech melody might be defined as the modulation of the vocal utterance which is obtained through changes of pitch and inflection. But such definitions fail

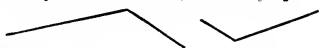
to convey the full significance of these terms. Changes of pitch and inflection are media for the expression of thought, feeling, and will; and speech melody, under normal conditions, is the chief medium for the utterance of the intellectual phase of the thought. No set words can reveal the whole nature of terms which carry such elemental yet complex significance.

Laws of speech melody. To define speech melody is difficult; to lay down the laws which govern the form of the vocal utterance is a still more serious task. No such attempt will be made here. Let us note, however, some of the fundamental considerations which affect the form of the speech melody. Enough has already been said to make it clear that (1) changes of pitch and inflection are the natural expression of changes in thought and feeling. As the stream of consciousness constantly changes in level, so does the vocal expression of it. Again, it should be plain, from the illustrations already given, that (2) a rising change of pitch or a rising inflection, other things being equal, will usually indicate that the thought is incomplete; and that (3) a falling change of pitch or a falling inflection will indicate more or less completeness of thought. When the thought is complete, the fall is usually complete; that is, it drops to the lowest level of the range of the voice. When the fall is only partial, the thought approaches completion, or is approximately complete. When there is a combination of rising and falling of the voice, as in the circumflex inflection, (4) there is usually a twist in the thought to be presented; the words do not contain the whole thought, which can find utterance only in the vocalization. In example *G* below, the real meaning is the reverse of that which is given in the mere words. Rising, falling, and

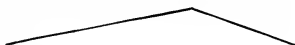
circumflex inflections, while not the only means, are one of the most important in rendering a word emphatic. Any modulation of the utterance may so serve, but emphasis by change of pitch and inflection alone affects the form. Speech melody, then, may be considered a process of making salient through form the emphatic words in the utterance. Emphatic words, for the most part, carry some sort of contrast or antithesis which may be either expressed or understood. Here are some examples :

Expressed contrasts :

A. They were drunk ; not asleep.



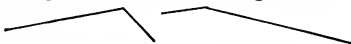
B. O for a soft and gentle wind !



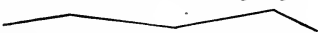
I heard a fair one cry ;



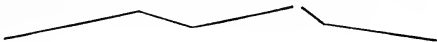
But give to me the snoring breeze



And white waves heaving high !

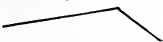


C. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting.



Implied contrasts :

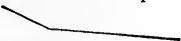
D. Saratoga is won !



F. Must I run ?



E. God is our helper !



G. You will, will you ?



The lines beneath the examples cited are intended to indicate a possible movement of the voice in change of pitch. They do not indicate the only possible way in which the voice may vary in speech melody in correctly interpreting the thought; they are suggestions merely. The reader will note that in example *A* there is a rising inflection at the close of the sentence. This is due to the fact that the real conclusion of the sentence is in the first clause. This is made clear by turning the sentence around: They were not asleep; they were drunk! (5) Contrasts in thought, then, may call for a contrast in inflection. Further, it is evident from the examples cited that (6) under normal conditions no two consecutive words have *exactly* the same pitch; hence there is an appreciable change in pitch between words and upon each vocalized sound. Finally, (7) the melodic form of short sentences and of clauses of the normal¹ sort gives a series of which there are at least three varieties: a straight rise (*F*), or fall (*E*), or a combination of the two (*B*), (*C*), or a rise and fall by circumflexes (*G*). It must be kept in mind, however, that the melodic forms as cited are approximations; they are not mechanically accurate. Phonographic records reveal the fact that every inflection is more or less circumflexed. But they appeal to the ear somewhat as indicated above; and, as shown elsewhere, the seeming impression upon the ear is the important thing.

Rhetorical demands. To secure variety of speech form the writer and speaker resort to various expedients. As

¹ Abnormal conditions may reverse the form. We may say, "It is true," with the "true" higher in pitch if the thought gives pleasure, but much lower in pitch if something revolting or supernatural is suggested.

shown above, antitheses of one sort or another are common. Another device is the mixture of interrogation and declaration. Take this familiar illustration from Patrick Henry's "Call to Arms."

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,
 unable to cope with so formidable an adversary;
 but when shall we be stronger?
 Will it be the next week,
 or the next year?
 Will it be when we are totally disarmed?
 and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?
 Shall we gather strength by irresolution?
 and inaction?
 Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance?
 by lying supinely upon our backs?
 and hugging the delusive phantom of hope?
 until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?
 Sir, we are not weak (etc.)!

Note the large number of clauses which demand a rising form in speech, and how these increase in number as the emotion increases in intensity, until, at last, this repetition becomes almost unendurable and prepares the way for, in fact makes imperative, the tremendous sweep of the falling inflection in which the words "not weak" are actually uttered.

Monopitch. It is clear, now, that under normal conditions speech will have a constant variety in pitch. Then Monopitch, or absence of this change of pitch, usually reveals conditions which are in some way abnormal. As Lanier, the poet and musician, has pointed out, the little child, learning to read, runs along almost wholly on one pitch, like this:

T-h-e — d-o-g — r-a-n — a-f-t-e-r — t-h-e — c-a-t.

This will come out slowly and nearly on one level of pitch. In this case the mind is absorbed in the *word* and pays not the slightest heed to the *thought*. This might be called a temporary word obsession. It is an abnormal condition. As also pointed out by Lanier, the supernatural character of the ghost in Hamlet can best be revealed by reading his lines in monopitch. So in telling ghost stories the reciter avails himself of monopitch to create a proper atmosphere. Here again there is something not quite normal. The same is true of liturgical reading in our churches: the attempt is made to create the feeling of a supernatural presence. In some cases, then, monopitch is a serious fault; while in others it may be legitimate, for it reveals intellect overwhelmed with emotion, or some other abnormal state. To divert monopitch from its legitimate function is very common. The danger for the liturgical reader is that he will become the liturgical preacher, — that his preaching will become largely monopitch. That such preaching is well done is hard to justify. Sometimes the audience room is so large, or other conditions in the speaker's surroundings so abnormal, that monopitch must be employed to some extent; but even here, although the range of pitch is lessened, the general form should not be destroyed. In this connection it must be kept in mind that absolute monopitch is a physical impossibility; the general effect only is that of monopitch.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the recitation of Greek poetry was given to the accompaniment of the lyre, and so must have been largely monopitch in form. Further, the musical utterances of savages show similar peculiarities in form. In fact, as already pointed out, the early forms of public speech were communal, and,

since any concerted utterance of speech is most easily given upon one pitch with singsong and minor cadence, a speaker, under the spell of a crowd, tends to revert to the communal form.

Minor cadence. Monopitch is usually and naturally accompanied by a second peculiarity in form, called Minor Cadence. This is a change of pitch or inflection where the voice passes, by a minor interval, from one point in pitch to another. (The term "cadence" is somewhat misleading, since the interval may be either a rise or a fall in pitch.) Music recognizes at least two important intervals in the change of pitch: a major and a minor. In what are called major keys the intervals from *do* to *mi* and from *sol* to *do* are major, while minor cadences are of the same length, less a half tone (semitone). The effect of the major interval is pleasing and cheerful; of the minor interval, sad and mournful. Apply now these facts to speech melody, and any change of pitch or inflection may be regarded as a minor when the interval is such that it produces a minor effect. The word "minor" in this connection stands for what is sad. Sadness (not sorrow) destroys the dignity of speech. It is conventional. Many contend that it has a legitimate place in speech; but, conceding this, its place is with monopitch, justifiable only when abnormal conditions obtain. It tends to destroy what should be the dominant note of culture, of appreciation, the note of joy. It is the becoming interval in the utterance of pessimism. Noble sorrow and genuine pathos will avoid it.

Singsong. Monopitch and minor cadence are frequently and naturally accompanied by a third peculiarity of form in the utterance, called singsong. This is the repetition of the same speech melody over and over again without

regard to the thought and feeling. It marks much of the child's reading, especially of poetry, where it affects the speech rhythm as well as the melody. Liturgical reading for the most part demands it. It is hard to justify the use of it in public speaking, and yet if monopitch and minor cadence are sometimes legitimate, then singsong, their natural accompaniment, must not be placed wholly under a ban.

The cause of these melodic defects. When these peculiar melodic forms are faults, — and all must concede that under certain conditions they may become such, — it is because the speaker is not apprehending the full significance of each idea which he utters. To read the Twenty-third Psalm with a mournful whine is to misconceive the whole spirit of it. As too frequently read, the opening clause, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," seems to give expression to a fact which occasions the reader deep regret. But this is evidently not the thought of the author, who declares in a most emphatic way that the fact that the Lord is his shepherd is a source of infinite delight. It renders him fearless and joyful, even though he "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." "My cup runneth over." With what? sadness? No! this is a lyric of joy! Any other interpretation spoils it.

Why is it that speakers so generally fall into such serious faults in the form of their speech? Sometimes it may arise from physical limitations. The speaker begins his work with an untrained voice. He finds that there is one key or pitch upon which he can speak with more ease than upon any other, and so he saves his strength and holds his audience, if he can, by speaking upon that one pitch. Gradually he gains vocal power and might employ a wider

range of pitch, but the first habit clings and deforms his whole utterance. A second cause may be found in what may be called the intellectual limitations of the speaker. He fails to grasp the thought at all in its wide significance, and unapprehended thought naturally finds expression in monopitch and its attendant forms, for variety in thought alone demands variety in the vocal utterance. Perhaps the explanation which yields the most satisfaction is this, — that the speaker is in some way limited in the emotional life of his mind. Each new emotional concept which the speaker entertains does not awaken a specific and corresponding emotion. The mind of the speaker is swamped with one mood, which at first may be a genuine feeling, growing out of some condition of time or place ; but gradually this emotion wears off, the genuineness is lost, and a conventional, worthless thing is left.

The pulpit, with its frequent tendency to monopitch, minor cadence, and singsong in preaching, is an example in point. The desire to create the feeling of the supernatural leads to the unnatural. The explanation has been offered by a minister that the young preacher, coming to his work with a great ambition for service, overwhelmed by the realization of the smallness of the results, yields gradually to a mood of sadness which deforms his utterance.

Remedy. But whatever the origin of these forms, from the standpoint of vocal expression they must be confined to their legitimate use. It must be recognized that a speaker who has no variety in his speech form has failed to grasp thought and emotion. At times the habits of thinking must be revolutionized before the speaker will use the forms of speech which at all approximate correctness. There must be a true adjustment of emotional and

intellectual concepts. The intellectual and emotional values of each thought must be consciously experienced.

Hypnotic effects. Some speakers are called magnetic, and this epithet is not without its value. There are speakers who seem to exercise the same sort of influence upon an audience as does a singer of great emotional power. Usually the thought is not remarkable, but the voice in its variety and quality seems to secure the result. It is not uncommon to hear a speaker before a popular audience use melodies of such weirdness that he appears to be trying to hypnotize his hearers. The Penetentes of New Mexico have been seen beating themselves in a revolting and painful manner. They kept to their work with seeming pleasure under the inspiration of a singsong tune played over and over again upon a fife. This tune varied in melody but three notes and was only twenty-two notes in length. In the drama it is becoming to represent abnormal characters with abnormalities of speech, and the most abnormal will be that which robs the character of intellectual force through the loss of speech melody. Kean, the famous English actor, is said to have portrayed the savage character of Shylock by this method, using a strange, unearthly melodic form, as in this sentence quoted as given by Gardiner :

If I can catch him once upon the hip!

Ab ————— 7 — 7 ————— F

Idiotic effect. This effect has been already shown in the reference to the statement of Mr. Lanier in regard to the reading of the little child. This effect is further shown by comparing the utterances of persons who use exactly the same words ¹:

¹ E. W. Scripture, "Experimental Phonetics"

SPEECH MELODY

69

Utterance by a female voice :

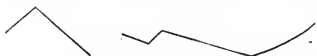
Comment ! tu n'as pas travaillé !



(Range, six notes)

Utterance by a male voice :

Comment ! tu n'as pas travaillé !



(Range, fourteen notes)

Utterance by a deaf person :

Comment ! tu n'as pas travaillé !



(Range, one note)

There seems to be some evidence here that speech melody serves to reveal the intellectual grasp of the speaker.

A standard of speech melody. In the face of such a variety in the form of utterance of the same words it is essential to seek some standard of form in speaking. The primary requisites are an adequate apprehension of ideas and a thorough experience of emotion. If any condition of speech exists where the *symbols* of thought, the words, make little demand upon the mind, and the *thoughts* and *emotions* have almost unimpeded utterance, there, in all likelihood, will be found a fairly good standard of form in speaking. Such conditions are most nearly ideal in conversation. In making the form of conversation a standard, it does not follow that all conversation is ideal in form, nor that the form of a man's public speech should be exactly the same as that in which he converses. But the speech melody of the average man is better in conversation than in public speaking, and the melodic form of speech should

approach in form the melodic curves of conversation. Here, however, the difference in relationships must be kept in mind. The melodic form of conversation must meet the needs of a new relationship, as in the case of stage scenery. Every modulation of the voice and utterance must respond to the larger environment. This response to the size of the audience room makes a command of the whole range of voice imperative. Inflections an octave in length are common in conversation. They must be equally at command in preparation for all kinds of public speaking. *The public speaker must give as careful heed to the training of his voice as does the public singer.* Otherwise the speaker will be seriously handicapped by malformations in his speech tunes.

The practical work. Theorizing is comparatively easy ; doing is hard. To point the way of right doing is not a hard task ; to make one's self walk therein is serious business. This is especially true of the art of public speaking. The technique of the art has unusual dangers for the unwary. The inexperienced and ignorant teacher of public speaking may be no more in evidence than the vicious instructor in any other subject, but the blind teacher of the art of speech can work greater havoc. Here a wrong step is frequently easier than a right one, and where there are so many bad models abroad it is but natural that the innocent and inexperienced learner should be willing to go wrong. But the serious difficulty was hinted at in the last paragraph, the unwillingness upon the part of the learner to do the work thoroughly. *Years* in any other noble art, *weeks* in this ! He can talk so as to be understood ; is n't that enough ? Surely it is for some students of the art, and the less they talk, the better, perchance. But for serious-minded

students, who realize what a weight in public affairs a sincere and able speaker has, there should be years of painstaking preparation in the plastic time of mind and body life.

Teaching of speech melody. How shall speech melody be taught? Since it reveals to a great degree the logical or illogical working of the mind, there must be logical action of the mind before there can be correct speech forms. This is the great problem of the teacher : to secure *clear* thinking on the part of the student. This puts a large burden upon the instructor. Many an instructor in "elocution" is illogical in his own thinking. Instructors who themselves have good habits of thought frequently yield to laziness. They accede to the desire upon the part of the student to "show off"; they seek to secure a correct melody in specific "pieces," given in imitation of the teacher. This sometimes secures quick results, — a student may be able to render a certain piece fairly well, but the work is not fundamental, and his thinking is likely to be as illogical as ever. Some students are by nature "wool-gatherers," and are hopeless cases from the start. They can never do any public speaking of a large and noble sort. They may learn in time to do interpretative work of a certain feeble kind, and do it fairly well, but even that is doubtful. Elocution is in disrepute and can never regain public confidence or respect until right methods are sternly insisted upon and always used.

Method illustrated. Let us by way of illustration take a specific case in which the student is given a definite problem to solve, and not too easy a one; for instance, to read or recite the peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne :

(AN ABHORRED PICTURE)

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

(AN ADMIRABLE PICTURE)

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the Earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured;

(ABHORRED)

bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards";

(ADMIRABLE)

but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

Nine students out of every ten, if untrained in vocal expression, will read this selection with little variation in pitch and generally with sadness. Why? They have failed to grasp to the full the intellectual and emotional concepts. The form of the utterance, then, will be largely monopitch accompanied by minor cadence. How can the meaning be made salient and vivid? Pertinent questions may arouse the mind of the reader. He may be led to discover that this peroration, when paraphrased, amounts to this: When I die, may I not see disunion but union everywhere! He may reduce it still further to, When I die,

may I see union! or, "The union forever!" With this topic in mind he may be led to see that the thought naturally divides upon the word "rather," for here occurs the main break between the two pictures, union and dis-union. Then he may be led to work out for himself the dividing lines in the two main divisions of the whole, where the speaker turns from what he abhors to what he admires, or the reverse. Now why does the average speaker use a sad melody in this connection? Perhaps because he has failed to apprehend that this peroration is the joyous outburst of the patriot, and specifically he may have been influenced by the very first utterance which involves the idea of death.

Such work as the above may prove inadequate in hard cases. Several expedients may have to be tried in order to awaken his mind to a realization of its work. He can be put before the phonograph and made to hear his strange melodies. A second helpful expedient is to have the "patient" sit in a chair and give the selection conversationally, as though he were just talking with his teacher. All the above goes to show that teaching to speak is primarily teaching to think and feel.

The use of the phonograph. The fact of the existence of speech melodies is now well established; the laws and principles which govern them are but slightly understood. Many difficulties await the explorer in this field. The only safe means of securing and studying voice records is a voice-recording machine like the phonograph. Professor Scripture, an authority on experimental phonetics, says:

The pitch of the short-speech sounds is hard to catch by the ear because each sound contains many tones which influence the total impression, but especially because the pitch is always changing.

Even from a long sound the ear receives only a vague impression, when the pitch is a changing one. These difficulties render it impossible to obtain by ear alone any reliable data concerning the data of speech.

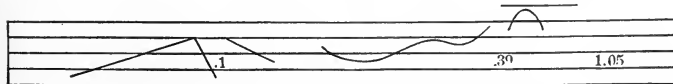
This is undoubtedly true from the standpoint of the experimental psychologist. Now the student of speaking is concerned not so much with the niceties which an accurate machine may reveal, as with the actual impression upon the ear. A speech which, heard by the unaided ear or heard through the phonograph, seems to be of one pitch only, is, for the speaker's purpose, monopitch. Before anything accurate can be known about the melody, Professor Scripture insists that the phonograph must be supplemented by a machine which will give an accurate record of the niceties of the changing pitch. But the student of public speaking does not need these except as a matter of curiosity. He desires the general impression which an audience would receive. So he may employ the phonograph with success to discover the peculiarities of his vocal action. It may embarrass him at first to speak into the funnel of the machine, and this will operate to alter the habit of his speech; but practice will remove this embarrassment, and actual reproductions of his habits of speech will be obtained. In difficult cases, where bad habits have been long maintained, nothing will convince a student so completely of the bad form of his speech tunes as to compel him to hear them over and over again. Such records, with the help of a tuning fork, may be roughly transferred to the musical staff, where they can be studied through the eye. Such demonstrations are sometimes invaluable in bringing home to the student his melodic deficiencies. A phonograph, then, is a laboratory

adjunct which it is well to employ as an expedient in difficult cases.

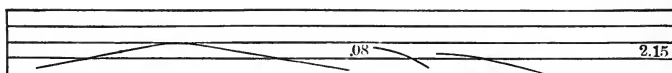
A speech tune by Joseph Jefferson. An interesting exhibit of vocal action in the melody of speech is given herewith. Professor Scripture, in his work upon experimental phonetics, has taken a gramophone record made by the actor, Joseph Jefferson, and reduced the whole to numbers which represent the action of the voice in pitch. The extract is the famous Toast from the play of "Rip Van Winkle." The speaker is supposed to be "under the influence of liquor." In the arrangement here presented there is an attempt to give a rough view of the tune, so far as the melody and time are concerned. The pauses are indicated in seconds. The reader will note that the record, when reduced to something like mechanical accuracy, seems to indicate impossibilities. For example, that any voice could have a range as here indicated! This will help to understand what has already been said, namely, that for the public speaker the important phase of the matter is the seeming impression upon the ear. Those who are interested in the mechanical phase of the matter would do well to make a careful study of the details as brought out by Professor Scripture in his well-known work heretofore referred to.



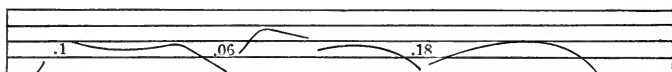
Come Rip what do you say to a glass?



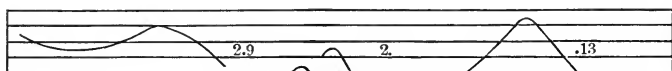
What do I say to a glass? Huh!



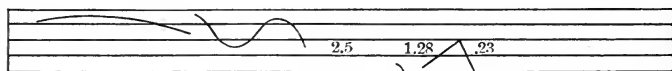
what do I generally say to a glass?



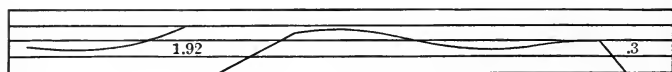
I say it is a fine thing when there's



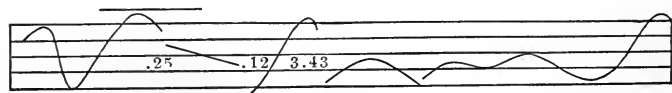
plenty in it. (*Drinks.*) Ha! So! You had it



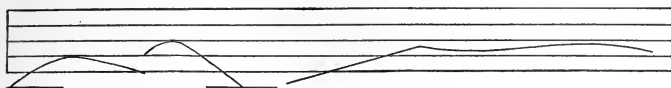
ten years ago eh? (*Drinks.*) Ah! that's



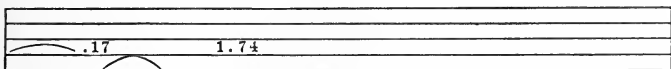
fine schnapps. I wouldn't keep it as long as that!



would I? Huh! Huh! well, here's your good health



and your family's and may they live long



and prosper. (*Drinks.*) Ah!

Voice training for speech melody. It has been pointed out that a good melodic speech form demands an equable distribution of voice control throughout the whole range of voice. The actor whose stage conversation must seem natural and yet must be heard in every part of the theater should have his voice so developed in all its range as to make it carry to any distance demanded. The speaker of great emotional power must have sufficient range of voice and control over the whole range to make his emotions live in real fashion in the minds of his audience. But every form of reading and speaking demands, first and last and always, that the thought be made clear ; and, other things being equal, this can be done in no other way so effectively as by utterance through a correct speech melody, of a range sufficient, both in kind and in power, to enable it to be heard by the remotest listener. There must be no unnatural straining. Most speakers begin their public speaking in a haphazard, accidental sort of way, without effective special training. Like the artist in any other noble art, who gives his products to the public before he knows how to

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produce artistically, the average public speaker is liable to be a lamentable failure. The best remedy for poor speech forms will be found in a stimulation of the mind which shall secure a clear apprehension of each intellectual, and a full experience of each emotional, concept. Where speech forms are fixed by long habit, such expedients as use of conversation and the phonograph may have to be resorted to. But every effort should be directed to secure forms as free and natural as those of conversation. The best results cannot be attained unless the voice is so trained that it may be used with equal facility throughout its whole range.

Summary. The mind gives expression to its varied action through the melody, quality, rhythm, and dynamics of the vocal utterance. The intellectual phase of the utterance finds expression, for the most part, in melodic form. Emotion tends to modify the form in the extent of the range of pitch. Absence of melody, monopitch, and the peculiar melodic forms known as singsong and minor cadence indicate that the mind is probably inactive on account of stupidity or inattention, or that the intellectual has been subordinated to the emotional phase of the thought. This latter may not be out of place in some cases, as in liturgical reading, attempts to express the supernatural, or in a farcical performance; but it is out of place in most public speaking of real dignity and power.

III. VOCAL PROGRAM

Speech quality. 1. With the throat, tongue, and jaw completely relaxed utter the sound *ä* easily and naturally. Give it on one pitch with a sort of chanting speech. With the position thus acquired, utter a different vowel sound,

such as *ĩ*, or *ě*, seeking to keep the same relaxed condition of throat and jaw, remembering that the tongue is the proper instrument for placing the tone. Employ all the vowel sounds in like manner, *rejoicing* in a pure, rich, easy tone. Quality of the right sort from a physical standpoint is dependent upon a free resonance.

2. With the same vocal conditions utter the sentence, "Ride on! the prize is near." (1) Let it be uttered with the tremendous roar of battle near, in a vital, physical quality of voice. (2) Now let it be given as a mere fact, — the words on a sign seen somewhere. (3) Lastly, give it as an utterance aroused by some spiritual vision, — a moral sentiment with lofty spiritual significance, mysterious yet glorious.

3. Read the following with appreciation of the relation between emotional states and sound values :

- A. The league-long roller thundering on the reef.
- B. Roll on, 'thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
- C. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.
- D. I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

The reader will note that each one of the above has reference to the action and sound of water. There are many such, but one more will suffice, one in which the thought passes from the streamlet on the mountain side to the wave on the vast ocean.

- E. The brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
 There rolled a turbulent wave,
 Now singing along the sea-beach,
 Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,
 Though they flowed so far apart,
 And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
 That turbulent, bitter heart. — LONGFELLOW

Feel the character of the stroke in this from Shakespeare:

F. *Batter* his skull, or *paunch* him with a stake,
 Or *cut* his wezand with thy knife.

G. Look without,
 Behold the beauty of the day, the shout
 Of color to glad color, — rocks and trees,
 And sun and sea, and wind and sky! All these
 Are God's expression, art work of his hand,
 Which men must love, ere they can understand.

* RICHARD HOVEY

4. Practice much on contrasts such as these, assimilating the emotional content :

A. I hate him for he is a Christian.

B. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

C. Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE

- D.* No more dams I 'll make for fish ;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring ;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
 Has a new master : get a new man.

SHAKESPEARE

Note how the character of the two creatures supposed to utter, the one, *C*, and the other, *D*, is revealed in the sounds employed by the poet.

5. Use as a chant the first exercise for the development of speech quality ; that is, destroy the speech melody as far as possible, but feel, experience, give fully, freely, joyously the emotions through the quality and texture of the tone.

6. Learn and give memoriter such selections as 6, 7, 8, 11, 14, and 19 under the practical exercises for quality.

CHAPTER III

SPEECH QUALITY

I. PRACTICAL EXERCISES

1. Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire! — TENNYSON
2. Wal naow, Horace, don't ye cry so. Why, I'm raily concerned for ye. Why, don't you s'pose your daddy's better off? Why, sartin I do. — STOWE
3. March on, my soul, with strength!
4. Well, well, I'm glad to see you!
5. Ride on! the prize is near!
6. It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. — POLLOK
7. Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. — IRVING
8. How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art. — SHAKESPEARE

9. Dear master, I can go no further:
 O, I die for food! Here lie I down,
 And measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
 SHAKESPEARE

10. Mend and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on!
 SHAKESPEARE

11. Come live with me, and be my love.

12. And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
 "Forever — never!
 Never — forever!" — LONGFELLOW

13. It seems but yesterday that I was here,
 A lamb among the wolves, a stricken deer;
 But now I am the Queen of hill and dale,
 And every cottage welcomes Lorna's tale!
 No gift was this, no power the rest above,
 But simply that I loved what others love —
 The warmth of heart no frosty airs can chill,
 The strength of justice tempered by good-will;
*A simple life that follows Nature's bent,
 And flows melodious with its own content;
 Where men think less of coronets than corn,
 And gather all they need where they were born —*
 Brave wanderer of the West, if thou art fain
 For peace like this, accept my pastoral strain.
 BLACKMORE

14. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise. — SHAKESPEARE

15. The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

WORDSWORTH

16. In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run ;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

SHELLEY

17. Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
 Out of the misty eastern cave
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight ! — SHELLEY

18. Such a starved bank of moss till, that May-morn,
 Blue ran the flash across : violets were born !
 Sky — what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
 Ray on ray split the shroud : splendid, a star !
 World — how it walled about life with disgrace
 Till God's own smile came out : that was thy face !

BROWNING

19. One moment now may give us more than years of toiling
 reason : our minds shall drink at every pore the spirit of the season.

20.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot,—
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.
Yet shall yon ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gleam and gloom again,
With leaping sun, with dancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a pleasant page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice. — STEVENSON

21. Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low. — TENNYSON

22. There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
 "There is no joy but calm!"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

TENNYSON

23.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :

I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

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A maiden knight — to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail. — TENNYSON

24. It was a quiet Sunday morning on a side street. A playful breeze had lifted off the tarpaulin that covered the news-stand, and the magazines were enjoying a quiet hour by themselves.

Harper's took occasion to edge away from *McClure's*.

"Your cheapness makes me dizzy," it observed, with a superior sniff.

"My cheapness is nothing to your dullness," exclaimed *McClure's* with some heat.

"Nonsense!" replied *Harper's*. "Why, I once published an interesting story."

A chorus of groans greeted this admission.

"The trouble with you fellows," observed the *Century*, "is that you do not really understand the serious side of life."

"How can we," observed the *Metropolitan*, "for we have not, like you, a humorous department? We —"

There was a commotion. While these observations were going on *Munsey's* and *Everybody's* were having a dispute.

"I publish sillier stuff than you," said *Munsey's*.

"I defy you to prove it," said *Everybody's*.

"Let's form a ring and have them fight it out," suggested a rank outsider — the *Clipper*.

At this, however, there was a protest from one hitherto silent. A soft soprano voice spoke.

"Gentlemen, would you fight in the presence of ladies?"

Whereupon the rest of the magazines took off their hats, and one by one relapsed into respectful silence, as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, arranging its skirts anew with gentle precision, passed out on its way to church. — TOM MASSON in *Life*

25. The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at his feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation.

That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change; and from the gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and the people that I love so well. — JOHN BRIGHT

26. All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which

bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither brass nor marble can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

27. I catch another vision. The crisis of battle — a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom.

I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he once put his about me. Be his friend, as he was mine." And out into this new world — strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both — I follow. And may God forget my people when they forget these! — GRADY

28. The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and

crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course Ben Hur turned the first goal. AND THE RACE WAS WON! — WALLACE

29. Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. . . . But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. . . .

The right-honourable gentleman has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask why not “traitor,” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament, and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a Privy Counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. — GRATTAN

30.

ENGLAND

The clock in the tower of the village church had just struck the quarter. In the southeast a pale dawn light was beginning to show above the curving hollow of the down wherein the village lay enfolded; but the face of the down itself was still in darkness. Farther to the south, in a stretch of clear night sky hardly touched by the mounting dawn, Venus shone enthroned, so large and brilliant, so near to earth and the spectator, that she held, she pervaded the whole dusky scene, the shadowed fields and wintry woods, as though she were their very soul and voice.

"The Star of Bethlehem! — and Christmas day!"

Diana Mallory had just drawn back the curtain of her bedroom. Her voice, as she murmured the words, was full of a joyous delight; eagerness and yearning expressed themselves in her bending attitude, her parted lips, and eyes intent upon the star.

The panelled room behind her was dimly lit by a solitary candle, just kindled. The faint dawn in front, the flickering candle-light behind, illumined Diana's tall figure, wrapped in a white dressing gown, her small head and slender neck, the tumbling masses of her dark hair, and the hand holding the curtain. It was a kind and poetic light; but her youth and grace needed no softening.

After the striking of the quarter, the church bell began to ring, with a gentle and yet insistent note which gradually filled the hollows of the village and echoed along the sides of the down. Once or twice the sound was effaced by the rush and roar of a distant train; and once the call of an owl from the wood — a call melancholy and prolonged — was raised as though in rivalry. But the bell held Diana's strained ear throughout its course, till its mild clangor passed into the deeper note of the clock striking the hour, and then all sounds alike died into a profound yet listening silence.

"Eight o'clock! That was for early service," she thought; and there flashed into her mind an image of the old parish church, dimly lit for the Christmas Eucharist, its walls and pillars decorated with ivy and holly, yet austere and cold through all its adornings, with its bare walls and pale windows. She shivered a little, for her youth had been accustomed to churches all color and lights and furnishings, churches of another type and faith. But instantly some warm leaping instinct met the shrinking and overpowered it. She smote her hands together.

"England! — England! — my own, my own country!"

She dropped upon the window-seat, half laughing, yet the tears in her eyes. And there, with her face pressed against the glass, she waited while the dawn stole upon the night, while in the park the trees emerged upon the grass white with rime, while, on the face of the down, thickets and paths became slowly visible, while the first wreaths of smoke began to curl and hover in the frosty air.

Suddenly, on a path which climbed the hillside till it was lost in the beech-wood which crowned the summit, she saw a flock of sheep,

and behind them a shepherd boy running from side to side. At the sight, her eyes kindled again. "Nothing changes," she thought, "in this country life!" On the morning of Charles I's execution, — in the winters and spring when Elizabeth was Queen, — while Becket lay dead on Canterbury's steps, — when Harold was on his way to Senlac, — that hill, that path were there, — sheep were climbing it, and shepherds were herding them. "It has been so since England began — it will be so when I am dead. We are only shadows that pass. But England lives always — always, — and shall live!" — MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, in "The Testing of Diana Mallory."

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31

CHARLEY JOHNSON'S FINE

(The scene is laid in the dingy, ill-smelling court room which is the anteroom of the city jail. A drowsy warden, seated at his desk, is reading his belated paper. A girl comes in noiselessly at left and stands eyeing the man before she speaks.)

Girl. Say, haven't you about finished reading the ads? No wonder you go to sleep. Guess you are n't interested in the police court news, are you?

Warden. Guess you are, or you would n't be here. What are you looking for?

Girl. My, my! Ain't you sociable? That 's my business and the warden's. Run and get your pa, sonny.

Warden. Well, I guess I'll have to do; I'm the warden.

Girl. You? I always thought they was prize fighters.

Warden. Oh, go on! What do you want?

Girl. Oh, ain't he sassy! Now, see here, Mr. Warden, — if you really are Mr. Warden, — such a nice little man as you — I got a paper here which says give up a man you've got, — where'd I put it? *(She fishes around in her bag.)* Where in the mischief is it? Oh, I know! *(She takes it from her bosom and hands it to him.)*

Warden (examining it). Gee! a hundred dollars! You must have wanted him pretty bad.

Girl. I know what I want and when I do I don't kick at paying for it. Now all I got to do is to take him and go out with this, ain't it? I keep this, do I, or do I hand it in?

Warden. Well, you brought it, did n't you? You might keep it to put in his stocking next Christmas.

Girl. You're real cute. You are hanging up your stockings still? Of course I know I paid for it. Do you think I could pay out a hundred dollars in a trance?

Warden. You sign here, Tottie, under Charley Johnson. Looks like a marriage license, don't it?

Girl. Now, see here, none of your impudence, Mr. Man. You just go on and attend to your end of the business and I'll hold up mine. Now what do I do?

Warden (chuckling and pointing to a chair). You just wait here in the parlor and I'll bring down the groom.

Girl. Well, now, run along. *(She starts to sit down, then turns.)* Oh, see here! You don't have to come back with him, do you?

Warden. Why?

Girl. Because, you understand, I — I — have n't seen him for a year or so, and he might n't — or I might n't — Oh, well, what's the use of having anybody round rubbering?

Warden (winking). Oh, that's the way, is it? It hurts my feelings, your not wanting to see me again. Well, I won't take the edge off the picnic. I'll send him down alone. Say, you're all right, any way.

Girl. So kind of you. Of course, I know I'm the real thing. But I might n't think he is. He may have got a little shop-worn since the last time he was on the show-case, and I might be sorry I'd bought the goods.

Warden. H'm! That ain't no dream. Since you came down yourself with the release, looks as if you were afraid he'd get out and you could whistle for him.

Girl. Oh! think you're foxy, don't you? But I guess you don't know me. When I buy a man, it's got to be C.O.D. He might fall off the wagon on the way to the house. Many a man has fallen off the wagon when you least expected it.

Warden. Well, you don't need to waste the hundred, if you change your mind, you know. Specially as you can have me for that, though I doubt if you'd allow me elbow room.

Girl. So kind of you, but really, I've bought all the goods lately I can manage. If you want somebody to buy you — *(titters)* — why

don't you apply to the circus — to carry lemonade. Now, run along, but don't go off mad.

(The warden goes off whistling. She listens for a moment, then tries the door, then paces restlessly and when farthest from the door it suddenly opens and a man enters. The girl rushes and with a cry of joy hurls herself upon him.)

Girl. Charley! Charley! *(She looks up and discovers that she does not know the man.)* Oh! I beg your pardon!

Johnson. *(Extends his arms theatrically.)* Sadie! Sadie!

Sadie. Well, that's my name.

Johnson. Don't you know me? Have I changed so? I'm Charley.

Sadie. Charley! Charley who?

Johnson. Johnson.

Sadie. Charley Johnson!

Johnson (hurriedly). How can I ever thank you! If you knew —

Sadie. I know all I want to about you. I know you're not him.

Johnson. I — I've grown a beard since you saw me. That changes a man a lot.

Sadie. Rats! Where is Charley? What are you trying to string me for? Have you put up a game on him? Ain't he here?

Johnson. But I'm Charley, Sadie. Only a year makes a difference. I'm a changed man, inside as well as out.

Sadie (coming closer and scrutinizing pertly). I don't know anything about your insides, and what's more, I don't want to know. You're not Charley Johnson. What do you think you are trying to do?

Johnson. How would I know who you were and all about you?

Sadie. Give it up. What do you know about me?

Johnson. You came here in answer to some letters, did n't you?

Sadie. Ye-es, though I don't know as it's any business of yours.

Johnson. Seven letters in four weeks?

Sadie. All begging me to pay his fine.

Johnson. They said, "advance."

Sadie. Well, advance. We all know what a man means when he says that. H'm! he never wrote me the whole year, till he wanted me to do something for him.

Johnson. But, Sade —

Sadie. Don't you call me Sade. Charley used to call me that. I'm Sadie to you and all the rest of the world. Understand, just plain Sadie! Where's Charley? How'd you know about his writing to me?

Johnson. I tell you, Sade, — Sadie, I — my beard —

Sadie. Oh, cut your old beard. You look about enough like him to be his sixth cousin on his step-mother's side. Are you going to tell me, or are n't you? Say, you are n't doing this fool stunt to prepare me for something, are you? He ain't sick — or anything?

Johnson. Only with being in jail. I don't look sick, do I?

Sadie. Well, you make me sick, anyway. Do you think I have nothing to do but stand round and play with you all day? I've had all of this I want. Chuck it! you understand? Is he here?

Johnson. No!

Sadie. No! Why, what did he write me those letters for? Where is he? Has n't he been here? What did you say you was him for? My heavens, haven't you got anything to say? Can't you talk through that old beard of yours? How'd you know about me?

Johnson. He used to be a pal of mine. Before I got in.

Sadie. Then Charley ain't here? Then — why — then it was a lie he wrote me about going to Frisco last year and coming back to marry me and getting into jail by mistake. All that ain't so? Then he just — shook — he just shook me after all.

Johnson (slowly). Yes, that's what he did.

Sadie. How do you know? What do you know about him anyway?

Johnson. He told me about you before he went away two months ago.

Sadie. Two! Two months ago?

Johnson. And he told me that —

Sadie. That what?

Johnson. That he was tired of you.

Sadie. Oh, he did, did he? H'm! Guess he was n't half as tired of me as I was of him. His room was better than his company, I can tell you. If he told you to tell me all this, you can tell him I was just tickled to death when he legged it.

Johnson. I guess it was a good thing for you that he did. Charley was n't any good.

Sadie. Oh, he was n't, was n't he? I can tell you he was worth ten of you. You're a pretty thing to be running him down. I can tell you whatever Charley was, he was not a jail bird.

Johnson (bitterly). That's just what —. Oh, what's the use? It's all over now!

Sadie. What did he do?

Johnson. He — beat his wife!

Sadie. His —? Say, what do you expect to get out of this string of lies? You're a nice one to believe. You're a Sunday-school superintendent, you are. You're in jail, yourself, and you lied to me and cheated me, besides. I expect you beat your own wife; that's why you thought of it. — Will you swear to me that's the truth?

Johnson. Yes.

Sadie (suddenly convinced). His wife! And he beat her! And that's the man I was going to buy off — whose fine I paid.

Johnson. You've paid?

Sadie. Yes, paid. Much good may it do him!

Johnson. You've paid Charley Johnson's fine?

Sadie (storming). Yes, if you want to know. More fool I! There ain't any Charley Johnson, and there ain't any fine! There's his release. I came to take him away, and he made a monkey of me. To take him away! (*Sobs.*)

Johnson. Don't do that, please — please! I've got something to tell you.

Sadie. Well, what is it, any more sweet news?

Johnson. I — I am known in this jail as Charley Johnson.

Sadie. You? What on earth are you talking about? I don't believe you.

Johnson. Well, why did the warden send me down here? Do you suppose they let us promenade all over the shop — just to take the air — when we get tired of our snug little rooms?

Sadie. Then *you* wrote me all of those letters and begged me to pay your fine and get you out. And you've never seen me before in all your life! — Well! well! I like your nerve! Say, you thought I was a nice easy thing, did n't you? Even if it did take seven letters for me to make up my mind. Oh, you knew I'd come round in time, did n't you? I was a bird, I was. Oh, you could work me nicely, could n't you? Oh, yes, us women — us fools! Tell us any

cock-and-bull story you can hatch up, and work on our feelings, and we'll come round all right. And you know we'll come round. You count on it beforehand. Oh! oh! I hate the sight of you all! I—I —(*Starts for the door, and snatching at the paper, is about to tear it.*)

Johnson. Where are you going?

Sadie. To get my money back. You cost a hundred dollars, and you ain't worth thirty cents! But you are not out yet, I can tell you. I've called your pretty little game. You never thought such a softie as me'd come herself to inspect the goods, did you? And if I'd let them send down the release instead of bringing it, you'd have been all right. I suppose you'd have skipped and I'd never seen you again. Oh, no, but I wanted to see Charley first and give him the paper out of my own hands. I wanted — oh, it makes me sick!

Johnson. Listen to me, won't you?

Sadie. Listen to you? I wouldn't believe a word you said on oath.

Johnson. I know it was a dirty trick I played on you, but I swear I was going to see you and tell you all about it — afterward.

Sadie. Afterward? Well, thank Heaven, there ain't going to be any afterward for you. You can stay here till you die for all I care. And Charley Johnson, too. I wish it was him instead. No, I wish you and him was both of you rolled into one, like you oughter be! so you might stay here and — take root. Oh, it makes me sick. Good-by.

Johnson (authoritatively). Come back!

Sadie. Come back! Yes, I'll come back. I'll have your sentence increased for getting money under false pretences. That's what I'll do. To squeeze a hundred dollars out of a girl like me!

Johnson. I knew you'd have to scrape the money together. I hated to think of that.

Sadie. You hated to think of that, did you? Listen to him, listen to mama's darling. He hated to think of a poor girl scraping her fingers off for him!

Johnson. I swear that I'll pay you back. I'll work for you day and night. And I'll bring you some of the money right off — to-night, if — if —

Sadie. If what?

Johnson. If anybody will believe what I tell them.

Sadie. Well, if they do they are wonders.

Johnson (dully). Yes.

Sadie. What are you in for?

Johnson. For beating my wife.

Sadie. What? You? (*Laughs hysterically.*) Is that what you all do? Say, could n't you have made up a new one to tell me? You had lots of time. And I was almost believing you.

Johnson. Well, that's what I'm in for. You can look it up in the book if you don't believe me. Well, I've been in two months, yesterday.

Sadie. Oh! (*She starts to go.*)

Johnson (despairingly). You *can't* go now! Listen! I'm afraid my sister is dying. She was sick, and I have n't heard from her, and she was all alone. I've *got* to go to her.

Sadie. I don't know whether you're lying now and telling the truth then, or lying then and telling the truth now. But you and your lies don't seem to hang together some way. Tell me one thing — where is Charley Johnson?

Johnson. I don't know. In Frisco, I hope to God, for the rest of his miserable life.

Sadie (whispering). What did he do to you?

Johnson. He was my sister's husband —

Sadie. Your sister's? Then he was married.

Johnson. One day he beat her — and I almost killed him. But I gathered him up, and bought him a ticket and sent him to Frisco. Then I went home to my sister. There was a cop there, bringing her to when I got back. Some one had said that her husband had beaten her insensible, and —

Sadie. Well? Well?

Johnson. And I told him I had.

Sadie. You? Why?

Johnson. I did n't want him brought back, you understand.

Sadie. But — still I don't see how —?

Johnson. Then when I got to jail I said I was her husband, Charley Johnson, and let it go at that. She was in the hospital and no one was there. I thought if I told them they might bring him back and I did n't want him round any more to pester my sister.

Then when she got out of the hospital she came to see him — and found me. And she's been trying to scrape up enough to pay my fine — I got six months or a hundred dollars to keep the peace. Any rate she's sick again, and I'd just got to see her in some way. Charley told me about you, and I just kept thinking about it. And you know what I did. That's all.

Sadie (inarticulately). Oh! — Oh! — And I thought you were like him only worse. And you — all the time — oh, it makes me sick!

Johnson. And now you know you believe in me?

Sadie (shouting). Yes, I believe in you! I didn't think there was a man like that in the world. Oh, it makes me sick!

Johnson. I swear I'll pay you back, I swear I will. Will you — will you take me out?

Sadie. Take you out? In a minute! I'd take you anywhere and be glad of the chance, I don't care if you never pay me back.

Johnson. If you take me out it will be as Charley Johnson.

Sadie. I don't care what it'll be as. It's you I'm taking out.

Johnson. And — Charley Johnson wrote you he never seen the girl fit to black your shoes, and he'd marry you if you'd have him.

Sadie. If you're Charley Johnson, the first thing for you to do is to get out of this old jail.

Warden (coming in grinning). Of course —

Sadie. No, we're not going to stay here all night talking.

Mr. Warden. Come, Charley! — From *Collier's*

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32. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
 Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
 High in her chamber up a tower to the east
 Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
 Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
 Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
 Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it
 A case of silk, and braided thereupon
 All the devices blazon'd on the shield
 In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
 A border fantasy of branch and flower,

And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where : this cut is fresh ;
That ten years back ; this dealt him at Caerlyle ;
That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot :
And ah God's mercy, what a stroke was there !
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down,
And saved him : so she lived in fantasy. — TENNYSON

33. *Ladies and Gentlemen* : I feel somewhat jealous of my brother, Friar Austin, to-night. He had to propose an easy toast. I think I could have attempted the praise of woman, whose name I cannot hear without wanting to take off my hat. I have to attempt the praise of man, and I do not feel equal to it.

Well, we are not quite so bad as we are painted sometimes. I believe that half the lies that are told about men are not true. We are in the habit of running ourselves down, to summon women to our help, but we do not believe a word of it. We are very much like those English people who at church call themselves miserable sinners, and who would knock down on the spot any one who would take them at their word on coming out of church.

Now, the attitude of men towards women is very different, according to the different nations to which they belong. You will find a good illustration of that different attitude of men towards women in France, in England, and in America, if you go to the dining-rooms of their hotels. You go to the dining-room, and you take, if you can, a seat near the entrance door, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and also watch them as they cross the room and go to the table which is assigned to them by the head waiter. Now, in Europe, you would find a very polite head waiter, who invites you to go in, and asks

you where you will sit; but in America the head waiter is a most magnificent potentate, who lies in wait for you at the door, and bids you to follow him, sometimes in the following respectful manner beckoning, "There!" And you have got to do it, too.

I traveled six times in America, and I never saw a man so daring as not to sit there. In the tremendous hotels of the large cities, where you go to number 992, or something of the sort, I generally got a little entertainment out of the head waiter. He is so thoroughly persuaded that it would never enter my head not to follow him he will never look round to see if I am there. Why, he knows that I am there, but I'm not. I wait my time, and when he has got to the end I am sitting down waiting for a chance to be left alone. He says, "You cannot sit here." I say: "Why not? What is the matter with this seat?" He says: "You must not sit there." I say: "I don't want a constitutional walk; don't bother, I'm all right." Once, indeed, after an article in the *North American Review*,—for your head waiter in America reads reviews,—a head waiter told me to sit where I pleased. I said: "Now, wait a minute, give me time to realize that; do I understand that in this hotel I am going to sit where I please?" He said, "Certainly!" He was in earnest. I said, "All right, come with me." When I came out there were some newspaper people waiting for me, and it was reported in half a column in one of the papers, with one of those charming headlines which are so characteristic of American journalism, "Max sits where he likes!" Well, I said, you go to the dining-room, you take your seat, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and you will know the position of men. In France Monsieur and Madame come in together abreast, as a rule arm in arm. They look pleasant, smile and talk to each other. They smile at each other, even though married.

In England, in the same class of hotel, John Bull comes in first. He does not look happy. John Bull loves privacy. He does not like to be obliged to eat in the presence of lots of people who have not been introduced to him, and he thinks it very hard that he should not have the whole dining-room to himself. That man, though, mind you, in his own house undoubtedly the most hospitable, the most kind, the most considerate of hosts in the world, that man in the dining-room of a hotel always comes in with a frown. He does not like it, he grumbles, and mild and demure, with her hands hanging

down, modestly follows Mrs. John Bull. But in America, behold the arrival of Mrs. Jonathan. Behold her triumphant entry, pulling Jonathan behind! Well, I like my own country, and I cannot help thinking that the proper and right way is the French. Ladies, you know all our shortcomings. Our hearts are exposed ever since the rib that covered them was taken off. Yet we ask you kindly to allow us to go through life with you, like the French, arm in arm, in good friendship and camaraderie. — BLOUET in response to toast "Monsieur and Madame."

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34. THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

Little Ellie sits alone

'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a streamside on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses — "I will have a lover
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

" And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

" And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

" But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face:
He will say, ' O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace! '

" Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ' Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

" Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, ' Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
' Light to-morrow with to-day! '

" Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;

To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

" Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
' Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it ?'

" And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — ' Pardon
If he comes to take my love.'

" Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
' I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but thee !'

" He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds ;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads,
 Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.
 Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
 And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not; but I know
 She could never show him — never,
 That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

35.

MY STAR

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING

36.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
"Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 't was all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good! but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,

— E'en then would be some stooping ; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her ; but who passed without
 Much the same smile ? This grew ; I gave commands ;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise ? We 'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we 'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me !

BROWNING

37.

WORK

What is wise work, and what is foolish work ? What is the difference between sense and nonsense, in daily occupation ? There are three tests of wise work :—that it must be honest, useful, and cheerful.

It is *Honest*. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and not so in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call "fair-play." In boxing, you must hit fair ; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is "fair-play," your English hatred "foul-play." Did it never strike you that you wanted another watchword also, "fair-work," and another and bitterer hatred, "foul-work" ?

Then wise work is *Useful*. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something ; but when it is hard and comes to nothing, when all our bees' business turns to spiders', and for honey-comb we have only resultant cob-web, blown away by the next breeze,—that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not ?

Then wise work is *Cheerful*, as a child's work is. Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy Kingdom come."

Now if we hear a man swearing in the streets we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we do not want*. If you don't want a thing don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with. If you do not wish for His Kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is.

Observe, it is a Kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also that it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in our hearts: "The Kingdom of God is within you." Now if we want to work for this Kingdom, and to bring it, and to enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. We must enter into it as children, or not at all: "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

Of such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. It is the *character* of children we must want and gain. It is modest, faithful, loving, and because of all these characters it is cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; knowing indeed what labor is, and always ready for play—beautiful play. — JOHN RUSKIN

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38. THE HEROIC ELEMENT IN MODERN LIFE

The age of heroism is gone, it is said; this is the era of gain. "Principles, laws, companies take the place of heroes." True, under the deadly stroke of Cervantes's satire, medieval chivalry gave up the ghost, but heroism did not die with the lunatic of La Mancha. Nor need the hero of to-day borrow aught from the old-time myth or tale of chivalric strife. His is heroism higher and nobler than ever

fought with dragons, or tilted at tournament. It is a heroism bending its magnificent energies to the welfare of mankind. It is a heroism that discovers worlds and penetrates wild continents; "makes the elements servitors of commerce and manufactures"; binds in unity the great hemispheres and puts the good news of eternal life into the very heart of heathen barbarism. In comparison with a practical and beneficent heroism like this, that of the mythical Greeks shrinks almost to meanness. Wandering Ulysses makes a sorry figure by the side of a Livingstone or a Stanley, and even the patience of a Prometheus is more than matched by the tireless zeal of a Humboldt or an Agassiz.

In all literature worthy of the name, the hero wins the title by conduct generous, simple, unselfish, and brave. The heart of mankind finds that true heroism must be rooted in self-sacrifice. Thus, whatever age produces an unselfish soul gives to the world a hero. Because blind James Lambert lived in our time, shall the title of hero be denied this brave swimmer of the Clyde, who from its waters saved more than forty lives, simply, as he said, "for the sweetness of it?" If self-sacrifice be the test of heroism, shall the title of hero be denied Bret Hart's Flynn of Virginia, who gave up his life for his married comrade's sake? —

There in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timber
Ready to fall.
Then in the darkness
I heard him call,
"Run for your wife's sake;
Don't wait for me!"
And that was all,
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia.

Not of the training of a Sidney or Raleigh are such heroes as James Lambert or Flynn of Virginia, but it is the glory of the heroism of to-day that it is found as often in the humbler walks and shady vales of life as on its loftier heights and sunnier slopes.

With our war's glorious record of a Sheridan and a Jackson, of brave Joe Hooker fighting above the clouds, of gallant Lee giving all to his state, there comes the story of many a nameless hero's valiant deed, — deeds like that of the brave boy at Fort Wagner who, when the color sergeant was shot down, sprang forward, caught the flag, and carried it onward, up the dangerous height, up the path of death, through shot and shell, up to the wall of the fort, on the very wall itself, planting it where the men made that brief but splendid stand, then melted before that furnace heat. At last, when the shattered ranks fell back, he too, mortally wounded by a bayonet thrust, worked his way downward, still holding aloft the flag, bent on saving it as flag had rarely if ever been saved before. Slowly, painfully, he dragged himself downward, step by step, down the hill, inch by inch across the ground, to the door of the hospital tent, and there, while dying eyes brightened, while dying men held back their souls from eternity to cheer him, gasped out, "I did but do my duty, boys, and the dear old flag never once touched the ground!" The age of heroism gone by! Comfort and gain the only thoughts of the present! No! no! the ancient myth is gone, the romance of chivalry is gone, but not the courageous, helpful deed, not the self-sacrificing performance of duty, not the heroism that makes bright the lives of the discoverer, the missionary, the reformer, the philanthropist. — ANONYMOUS

39.

THE TRUE USE OF WEALTH

There is a saying which is in all good men's mouths; namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know that the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual applications of this, say that of course money does n't mean money — it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself.

And do you not see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures; but we have n't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we have n't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to us of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe if you think seriously of this matter you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other — that the story does very specially mean what it says, — plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed given to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver, — our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in the matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God — it is a talent; strength is given by God — it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work — it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enables him to seize opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail, — are these not talents? — are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

And is it not wonderful, that while we would be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength

of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theater or lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

But you are not in the least indignant, if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed — you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant day disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity inflict? Not so.

What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and support of his children; out of his household he is to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guilty and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better — of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son ; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind ; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one ; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dullness would have lost.

This is much ; but it is yet more when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And according to the quantity of it you have in your hands, you are arbiters of the will and work of the nation ; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State, depends upon you.

You may stretch out your scepter over the heads of the laborers, and say to them as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers ; put away this plague that consumes our children ; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger ; carry this light to those who are in darkness ; carry this life to those who are in death " ; or on the other side you may say : "Here am I ; this power is in my hand ; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide ; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away ; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple ; come, dance before me, that I may be gay ; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber ; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherein we were born.

I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men, who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used is as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying ; but wealth well-used, is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gathers souls

of men out of the deep. A time will come — I do not think it is far from us — when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of the morning cloud over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil. — RUSKIN

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40.

LOCHINVAR

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprang!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar? — SCOTT

41.

TWO CALLINGS

I

I hear a deep voice through uneasy dreaming,
 A deep, soft, tender, soul-beguiling voice;
 A lulling voice that bids the dreams remain,
 That calms my restlessness and dulls my pain,
 That thrills and fills and holds me till in seeming
 There is no other sound on earth — no choice.

"Home!" says the deep voice, "Home!" and softly singing
 Brings me a sense of safety unsurpassed;
 So old! so old! The piles above the wave —

The shelter of the stone-blocked, shadowy cave —
Security of sun-kissed treetops swinging —
Safety and home at last !

" Home " says the sweet voice, and warm comfort rises,
Holding my soul with velvet-fingered hands ;
Comfort of leafy lair and lapping fur,
Soft couches, cushions, curtains, and the stir
Of easy pleasures that the body prizes,
Of soft, swift feet to serve the least commands.

I shrink — half rise — and then it murmurs " Duty ! "
Again the past rolls out — a scroll unfurled ;
Allegiance and long labor due my lord —
Allegiance in an idleness abhorred —
I am the squaw — the slave — the harem beauty —
I serve and serve, the handmaid of the world.

My soul rebels — but hark ! a new note thrilling,
Deep, deep, past finding — I protest no more ;
The voice says " Love ! " and all those ages dim
Stand glorified and justified in him ;
I bow — I kneel — the woman soul is willing —
" Love is the law. Be still ! Obey ! Adore ! "

And then — ah, then ! The deep voice murmurs " Mother ! "
And all life answers from the primal sea ;
A mingling of all lullabies ; a peace
That asks no understanding ; the release
Of nature's holiest power — who seeks another ?
Home ? Home is Mother — Mother, Home — to me.

" Home ! " says the deep voice ; " Home and Easy Pleasure !
Safety and Comfort, Laws of Life well kept !
Love ! " and my heart rose thrilling at the word ;
" Mother ! " it nestled down and never stirred ;
" Duty and Peace and Love beyond all measure !
Home ! Safety ! Comfort ! Mother ! " — and I slept.

II

A bugle call ! A clear, keen, ringing cry,
Relentless — eloquent — that found the ear
Through fold on fold of slumber, sweet, profound —
A widening wave of universal sound,
Piercing the heart — filling the utmost sky —
I wake — I must wake ! Hear — for I must hear !

" The world ! The world is crying ! Hear its needs !
Home is a part of life — I am the whole !
Home is the cradle — shall a whole life stay
Cradled in comfort through the working day ?
I too am Home — the Home of all high deeds —
The only Home to hold the human soul !

" Courage ! — the front of conscious life ! " it cried ;
" Courage that dares to die and dares to live !
Why should you profit of safety ? Is life meant
In ignominious safety to be spent ?
Is Home best valued as a place to hide ?
Come out, and give what you are here to give !

" Strength and Endurance ! of high action born ! "
And all the dream of comfort shrank away,
Turning its fond, beguiling face aside :
So Selfishness and Luxury and Pride
Stood forth revealed, till I grew fierce with scorn,
And burned to meet the dangers of the day.

" Duty ? Aye, Duty ! Duty ! Mark the word ! "
I turned to my old standard. It was rent
From hem to hem, and through the gaping place
I saw my undone duties to the race
Of man — neglected — spurned — how had I heard
That word and never dreamed of what it meant !

" Duty ! Unlimited — eternal — new ! "
And I ? My idol on a petty shrine
Fell as I turned, and Cowardice and Sloth

Fell too, unmasked, false Duty covering both —
While the true Duty, all-embracing, high,
 Showed the clear line of noble deeds to do.

And then the great voice rang out to the sun,
 And all my terror left me, all my shame,
While every dream of joy from earliest youth
Came back and lived! — that joy unhopèd was truth,
All joy, all hope, all truth, all peace grew one,
 Life opened clear, and Love! Love was its name!

So when the great word "Mother!" rang once more,
 I saw at last its meaning and its place;
Not the blind passion of the brooding past,
But Mother — the World's Mother — come at last,
To love as she had never loved before —
 To feed and guard and teach the human race.

The world was full of music clear and high!
 The world was full of light! The world was free!
And I? Awake at last, in joy untold,
Saw Love and Duty broad as life unrolled —
Wide as the earth — unbounded as the sky —
 Home was the World — the World was Home to me.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON in "The Home"

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42. A SCENE FROM DAVID COPPERFIELD

NOTE. The scene opens in the lodgings of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. Mr. Micawber at this time is suffering under what he terms "a temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities," and is out looking for something to turn up.

Mrs. Micawber is at home attending to the twins, one of whom she is holding in her arms; the other is in the cradle near by, and several of the children are scattered about the floor. She has been bothered all the morning by the calling of creditors; — at last she speaks, as she trots the babe.

Mrs. Micawber (impatiently). Well, I wonder how many more times they will be calling! However, it's their fault. If Micawber's

creditors won't give him time, they must take the consequences. Oh! there is some one knocking now! I believe that's Mr. Heep's knock. It is Mr. Heep! Come in, Mr. Heep. We are very glad to see you. Come right in.

Heep. Is Mr. Micawber in?

Mrs. Micawber. No, Mr. Heep. Mr. Micawber has gone out. We make no stranger of you, Mr. Heep, so I don't mind telling you. Mr. Micawber's affairs have reached a crisis. With the exception of a heel of Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family, — and including the twins, — there is nothing to eat in the house.

Heep. How dreadful! (*Aside*) The very man for my purpose.

(*At this moment there is a noise heard on the landing. Micawber himself rushes into the room, slamming the door behind him.*)

Micawber (*not seeing Heep*). The clouds have gathered, the storm has broken, and the thunderbolt has fallen on the devoted head of Wilkins Micawber! Emma, my dear, the die is cast. All is over. Leave me in my misery!

Mrs. Micawber. I'll never desert Mr. Micawber!

Micawber. In the words of the immortal Plato, "It must be so, Cato!" But no man is without a friend when he is possessed of courage and shaving materials: Emma, my love, fetch me my razors! (*Recovers himself*) sh — sh! We are not alone! (*Gayly*) Oh, Mr. Heep! Delighted to see you, my young friend! Ah, my dear young attorney-general, in prospective, if I had only known you when my troubles commenced, my creditors would have been a great deal better managed than they were! You will pardon the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit, made sensitive by a recent collision with a minion of the law, — in short, with a ribald turncock attached to the water-works. Emma, my love, our supply of water has been cut off. Hope has sunk beneath the horizon! Bring me a pint of laudanum!

Heep. Mr. Micawber, would you be willing to tell me the amount of your indebtedness?

Micawber. It is only a small amount for nutriment, beef, mutton, etc., some trifle, seven and six pence ha'penny.

Heep. I'll pay it for you.

Micawber. My dear friend! You overpower me with obligation. Shall I admit the officer? (*Turns and goes to the door; opens it.*)

Enter, myrmidon! Hats off, in the presence of a solvent debtor and a lady! (*Heep pays the officer and dismisses him.*)

Heep. Now, Mr. Micawber, I suppose you have no objection to giving me your I. O. U. for the amount.

Micawber. Certainly not. I am always ready to put my name to any species of negotiable paper, from twenty shillings upward. Excuse me, Heep, I'll write it. (*Goes through motion of writing it on leaf of memo. book. Tears it out and hands it to Heep.*) I suppose this is renewable on the usual term?

Heep. Better. You can work it out. I come to offer you the position of clerk in my partner's office — the firm of Wickfield and Heep.

Micawber. What! A clerk! Emma, my love, I believe I may have no hesitation in saying something has at last turned up!

Heep. You will excuse me, Mrs. Micawber, but I should like to speak a few words to your husband in private.

Mrs. Micawber. Certainly! Wilkins, my love, go on and prosper!

Micawber. My dear, I shall endeavor to do so to an unlimited extent! Ah, the sun has again risen — the clouds have passed — the sky is clear, and another score may be begun at the butcher's. — Heep, precede me. Emma, my love. Au Revoir. — CHARLES DICKENS

(Arrangement used in the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word)

43.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver

Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,

That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,

Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott." — TENNYSON

44.

WANTED — PLAIN AMERICANS

There was a certain menagerie which had gone into quarters for the night in a wayside village. Some careless hand had left unfastened the door of the lion's cage. The royal Numidian lion, alike the pride and terror of the menagerie, finding himself so near to liberty, pushed open the door of his cage and sprang out! He stood in the arena and gave one or two roars to prove that he was the king of beasts, a real and royal Numidian lion, and then he cast his eyes about him to see what he might devour.

There was a staid old cart-horse standing hitched to the wheel of the lion's cage, calmly eating hay — one of the team which was accustomed to draw the chariot of the royal Numidian lion through the streets, to receive the admiration of the populace. This quiet cart-horse cast an inquiring glance over his shoulder — and went on eating hay. Him the lion selected for his victim ; and with a terrifying roar sprang upon his back.

The battle was short, sharp and decisive. In three minutes the royal Numidian lion lay dead in the arena, kicked to death by an ignoble cart-horse, which still had the harness on its back, and which had calmly resumed its eating hay.

My friends, that royal Numidian lion took liberties. The lion did not size up the eternal verities of the actual situation with any sort of accuracy. That lion learned too late that idleness and arrogance cannot forever excuse themselves, cannot forever endure.

EMERSON HOUGH

45.

THE HERON

One day, — no matter when or where, —
A long-legged heron chanced to fare,
With long sharp beak
Helved on his long, lank neck.
He came to a river's brink, —
The water was clear and still.
The carp and the pike there at will
Pursued their silent fun,
Turning up ever and anon
A golden side to the sun !
With ease the heron might have made
Great profits in the fishing trade :
So near came the scaly fry
They might be caught by the passer-by.
But he thought he better might
Wait for a smarter appetite.
For he lived by rule, and could not eat,
Except at his hours, the best of meat.
Anon his appetite returned once more.
Approaching then again the shore,

He saw some tench taking their leaps,
 Now and then, from the lowest deeps.
 With as dainty a taste as Horace's rat,
 He turned away from such food as that.
 What! tench for a heron? Poh!
 I scorn the thought and let them go.
 The tench refused, there came a gudgeon,
 "For all that," said the bird, "I trudge on."
 I'll ne'er ope my beak, so the gods please,
 For such mean little fishes as these.
 He did it for less;
 For it came to pass
 That not another fish could he see;
 And at last so hungry was he,—
 That he thought it of great avail
 To find on the bank a single snail!

LEGOUVÉ in "Reading as a Fine Art"

46.

Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I 'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee —

Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly —
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee —
 Nearer to Thee ! — ADAMS

47.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

STAVE TWO

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber, until suddenly the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE.

Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of the bed were drawn aside by a strange figure, — like a child : yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which everything was visible.

"Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

"I am!"

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the ghost of Christmas past."

"Long past?"

"No. Your past."

"What brings you here?"

"Your welfare. Rise and walk with me."

"I am a mortal and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand there," said the spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this."

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of the city. It was made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time.

The ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they would n't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty

desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, — four times, — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light seemed to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You could n't have predicted, at any time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone through the dance, — advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle and back again to your place, — Fezziwig's "cut," — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his hind legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations on either side of the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

"A small matter," said the ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It is n't that," said Scrooge, "it is n't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so light and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count them up: what then? The happiness is as great as though it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Something, I think."

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

"My time grows short, quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to anyone whom he could see, for he immediately found himself in his own bed-room. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

Adapted from DICKENS

48.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole long, gusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner — still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
That self-same arduous way —
That self-same upland hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend — not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end.
So that you, too, once past this bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile. — STEVENSON

49.

A SUNSET PARABLE

Behold the drooping clouds, yon pallid strips
Above the hills, at evening hush,
Are flooded with a sudden roseate gush
Of splendor from the sinking sun, that dips
Even now below our mortal ken and slips
To his mysterious rest — a wondrous rush
Of some bright ecstasy, some reflux flush
Of triumph, some divine apocalypse.

So as the shadows of our sorrow bend
Above the setting of that life whose course
Illumined darkness to its utmost goal,
Through our gray grief may such fine flame ascend,

Such glowing benediction from the force
Of that celestial fire, her martyr-soul.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

50. *Luria (speaking).* My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours:
We feel him, nor by painful reason know!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there; now it is, as it was then;
All changes at his instantaneous will,
Not by the operation of a law
Whose maker is elsewhere at other work.
His hand is still engaged upon his world —
Man's praise can forward it, man's prayer suspend,
For is not God all-mighty? To recast
The world, erase old things and make them new,
What costs it Him? So, man breathes nobly there.
And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,
Is quick and transient — comes, and lo, is gone —
While Northern thought is slow and durable,
Surely a mission was reserved for me,
Who, born with a perception of the power
And use of the North's thought for us of the East,
Should have remained, turned knowledge to account,
Giving thought's character and permanence
To the too transitory feeling there —
Writing God's message plain in mortal words.
Instead of which, I leave my fated field
For this where such a task is needed least,
Where all are born consummate in the art
I just perceive a chance of making mine, —
And then, deserting thus my early post,
I wonder that the men I come among
Mistake me! There, how all had understood,
Still brought fresh stuff for me to stamp and keep,
Fresh instinct to translate them into law! — BROWNING

51.

A WANDERER'S LITANY

When my life has enough of love, and my spirit enough of mirth,
When the ocean no longer beckons me, when the roadway calls no
more,

Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When the lash of the wave bewilders, and I shrink from the sting
of the rain,

When I hate the gloom of Thy steel-gray wastes, and slink to the
lamp-lit shore,

Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When I house me close in a twilit inn, when I brood by a dying fire,
When I kennel and cringe with fat content, where a pillow and loaf
are sure,

Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When I quail at the snow on the uplands, when I crawl from the
glare of the sun,

When the trails that are lone, invite me not, and the half-way lamps
allure,

Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When the wine has all ebbed from an April, when the autumn of
life forgets

The call and the lure of the widening West, the wind in the straining
rope,

Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

When I waken to hear adventurers strange throng valiantly forth
by night,

To the sting of the salt-spume, dust of the plain, and width of the
western slope,

Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on my way!

When swarthy and careless and grim they throng out under my
rose-grown sash,

And I — I bide me there by the coals, and I know not heat nor hope,
Then, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God, that day!

ARTHUR STRINGER in *Smart Set*

52.

GYPSY SONG

Under me the grass,
Over me the sky,
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by;
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart,
Let a roving gypsy fill
His hungry heart.

Voices in the vines,
Visions in the vales,
It is mine to know them all
Along green trails;
When the morning shines
Like a rose above,
Let me hear the gypsy call
Of birds I love!

Murmur of the stream,
Whisper of the tree,
I can understand the song
They sing to me;
Mine the blissful dream,
Built of delight,
Let the gypsy day be long,
And brief his night!

F. D. SHERMAN in *Munsey*

53.

Dear Friend:

The world is wide
In time and tide
And — God is guide,
Then do not hurry!

That man is blest
Who does his best
And — leaves the rest,
Then do not worry!

54.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, branded,—this would be a mercy and forbearance. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or perhaps the First Offenders' Act would return him to the hardened faces of the world, a marked man, an offence against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the anteroom until the senior partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his fists till the palms bled under his nails. He was ready to face his doom and take what he had earned, if he could have but taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcations had become inevitable, and during the awful two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their self-respect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them, took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before the manager had sent for him, and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

"Can you explain this?" the manager had asked, pointing to a page. Hanbury looked and knew at once that the blow had fallen.

"No, sir," he answered, quietly.

"Nothing to say?" queried the manager, closing the volume.

"Nothing at all," was the quiet answer.

"Very well," said the other. "Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work."

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment. His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose remoteness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him gravely.

"Go in," he said.

Hanbury entered. Old William Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white-haired, with a chin and cheek hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was grave now, and perhaps sad; but not hard nor vindictive.

They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

"I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed," said the old man, slowly. There was a country burr in his voice; Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. "I understand you make no defence."

Hanbury found his voice with an effort. "None, sir," he answered.

"And you know what you have incurred by this crime?"

Hanbury nodded, gulping.

"Very well," said the senior partner, rising and speaking very gently, "if you know that we will not say anything more about it. I shall not send you to prison."

He waited for Hanbury to speak, but the young man could say nothing.

"If I permit you to return to your work, and to gradually refund the money you have misappropriated, shall I be safe?"

The clerk started and looked up. Old William Burns was watching him wistfully. "Sir," — ~~stammered the young man,~~ — "I promise — I swear —" His voice failed him, and he struggled with rising emotion.

"Very well, we will consider that arranged. No word of it will be said again by any one."

He held out his hand and Hanbury grasped it feverishly.

"You are the second man who fell and was pardoned in this business, Mr. Hanbury," said the old man in a low tone. "I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."

They shook hands upon it, the two men who had been spared.

The British Weekly

55. THE MISFORTUNES OF LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN

In the midst of his supper one day it occurred to little Ike to resort to the well for a drink of water. In time his mammy grew tired of stopping her work whenever he grew thirsty to hand him down a gourd from the pail which rested on the shelf beyond his reach. Finally she said to him: "Boy, what ails you anyhow? G' long out doors an' try to be some use to somebody, 'stid of eatin' up an' drinkin' up ev'yting Mis's got on her plantash'n."

Little Ike, thus driven out, stood for a moment by the door and looked at the well, which was a few rods distant. But he turned his back upon it instantly, as if it were too painful to be thus reminded of the source of his most recent disappointment, and began walking in the opposite direction. When he had reached a spot on the line with the end of the kitchen, he filed to the left and again to the left when he had reached the rear side; and pursuing this line until he had gone some distance beyond the well, turned again and came to the latter. Stepping upon a hewn log which lay there to enable younger drawers of water to manage the bucket, he was pleased to find this utensil as it was resting upon the ledge, half full of water. Conscious that his time was short, he clambered up to the ledge, got upon all fours, grabbed with one hand the rim of the bucket, and with the other the well-rope, and, first taking an anxious glance toward the kitchen and a fond one toward the contents of the bucket, plunged in his head. He had hardly taken a few sips when the call of his mother at its accustomed pitch sounded from the kitchen.

And here I find myself under the painful necessity of recording a most terrible scene. I suppose it will never be known precisely how it happened, although no one, as well as I remember, ever suspected little Ike of a deliberate intention to commit the awful crime of suicide. It may have been that he had not known the use of his legs long enough for the present extreme need, and that his knees may have given a tilt to the bucket, — or, in his haste, he may have pressed too hard upon the rope, and that the rope yielding, obedient to the pull, destroyed both his balance and that of the bucket. At all events down they went together to the bottom, a distance of thirty feet.

The mother, who had seen him at the moment when the descent began, ran shrieking to the well, where she was joined by Mrs. Templin a moment after.

" Oh, Mis's, Mis's, my po' ophing chile have fell in de well and broke his naik, an' drowned hese'f on top o' that, an' he my precious baby, — an' de las' one I got!"

Mrs. Templin said: " I'm sorry for you, Judy. But maybe he has been mercifully saved from drowning. Lean over and look down as I turn the windlass."

After a few turns, she knew by the feeling that the bucket had risen to the surface of the water, which was some four feet deep.

" Now call him," she said.

" Li'll Iky! Li'll Iky!" shouted Judy.

" Ma-a-a-me!" came a sharp plaintive answer from the great deep.

" Is you down dar, precious?"

" Eth, e-e-eth, 'm."

" Well, well, is you drowned?"

" No-no-no, 'm!"

" Well, well! Is you done gone all to pieces?"

" No-n-n-no, 'm!"

" Is anything de matter wid mammy's precious boy baby?"

" I-k-k-k-co-o-o-l!"

" Well, well, where is you now?"

" In — in de-b-b-bucket!"

Mrs. Templin then directed the mother to urge the child to hold fast to the rope while she herself would turn the windlass.

" Dar now, you heah dat? Mis's say she wan' my nice li'll darky to ketch tight hold ter de rope, — tight as a tick; an' she say she gwine draw him up with her own blessed hands. Mis's say she can't 'ford to lose likely li'll fellow like my li'll Ike, dat she can't. Ye heah, mammy's precious suga' lump?"

" E-e-e-eth, 'm!"

The winding began, and the mother being urged to encourage Ike as much as possible during the ascent, did as well as she could by such cheering remarks as these:

" Jes' look at dat! Mis's givin' her li'll niggah such a nice ride! En Mis's done tole mammy tah kill six chick'ns, an' fry one o'm an' brile one o'm and make pie out of de res', an' all for li'll Iky's dinner; an' she say she gwine make daddy barb'cue two pigs dis very evenin', and nobody ain't to tech a mou'f'l on'm 'cep'n li'll Iky if

he 'll holt on tah de well-rope. An' she say, Mis's do, she jes' know her great big li'll Ike ain' gwine to let dat rope loose an' not get all dem goodies!"

It is possible that in so brief a time never was promised a greater number of luxuries to a child born to loftiest estate. Chickens, ducks — indeed the whole poultry yard was more than exhausted; every pig on the plantation was done to a turn. During the ascent little Ike was informed with the solemnest assurance that eatables of every description would be at his disposal forever. The time does not suffice to tell of other rewards promised in the name of the munificent mistress, in the way of cakes, pies, syllabubs, gold and silver and costly apparel. All this while, Mrs. Templin, without uttering a word, turned the windlass, slowly, steadily.

When the bucket with its contents reached the top, and was safely lodged upon the ledge, the mother seized her precious darling, his teeth chattering the while with the chill, and dragging him fiercely forth, said in wrathful tones:

"A cold, is yah? Well, ef I be bressed wid strength an' ef dey is peachy trees 'nough in de orchard, an' de fence corners, I 'll wa'm yah. You dat has skeert me intah fits, an' made me tell all dem lies, — dem on Mis's — dat I jes' knows, — I jes' knows, I never ken git fahgiv' fo' 'em." And still holding him, she began striding toward the kitchen door.

"Judy!" called her mistress, sternly, "Judy, put down that child this minute! Are n't you ashamed of yourself? Instead of being thankful that he was n't killed, here you stand and are so angry with him that you look as if you wished to kill him yourself. Now take him to your house and put some dry clothes on him; then send him to me in the house, where I will have some coffee ready for him. And mind you, Judy, if you lay your hands on that child in anger, that won't be the last of it. Do for goodness' sake, try to learn some reason about your children."

Judy led him away sullenly, and, in spite of her mistress's warnings, muttered direful threatenings, louder and louder, as she proceeded, ending thus, as, having clothed him, she despatched him to the big house:

"Nevah yah min', sah; wait till Sunday come, when Mis's go tah meetin', an' you 'll see! An' boy, ef yah skeers me dat way agin,

I 'll put yah whar yah won' wan' no mo' watah, an' no mo' nothin'—
idee! people all talkin' 'bout my chile gittin' drowned same as
puppies an' kittens! Ought to be 'shamed o' yours'f! I is. I jes'
'spises to look at yah! G' long out my sight!"

Ten minutes afterwards, while little Ike was in the big house,
luxuriating in coffee, biscuit and fried chicken, she was singing in
cheerful voice one of her favorite hymns:

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord;

Nobody knows the trouble I see;

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord;

Nobody knows like Jesus.

56.

TO WHOM HOMAGE IS DUE

Away back in the beginning of mankind's life, God gave women
sovereignty over the hearts of men, and the supremacy of queen-
ship He bestowed upon that one who bears the sweetest name our
language knows,—the name of mother. No coronation announced
the queen's entrance into her appointed glory, neither gilded throne
nor jewel-flashing crown awaited her, and in her frail hands was
placed no gleaming scepter. She needed no such symbol of her
power—power of which promise was given when first the Hand
Divine planted in her breast the seeds of deathless love.

Remote ages ago the queen began her reign. Time has yielded
rich increase to her kingdom, and still with the same abiding love as
of old, she holds her gentle sway over domains too vast for man to
measure. Within her borderlands countless loyal subjects dwell.
Children adore her; men and women honor her. What matters it
to them if her raiment have not always silken sheen or purple
splendor? What matter if her eyes have not retained their maiden
luster? What matter if her form lack outward beauty? They *under-*
stand: coarse covering cannot debase the soul "all glorious within";
eyes tear-drenched with others' sorrows cannot dim the love light
shining through; shoulders, stooped under burdens grown heavier
each passing year, are not less beautiful for having lost the shape-
liness of youth.

Many a master of the brush has striven to make his "Madonna"
declare something of the divinity of motherhood. As our gaze

lingers upon the product of his genius the revelation bursts full on us, and into *our* breasts steal such awe and adoration as must have thrilled the heart of the painter when he bent his fingers to the task of portraying the mystery beautiful. But all Madonnas are not to be found in art collections, and if we would know the sweetness of their presence we need not search the walls of picture galleries. Rather, let us go out along humanity's highways and byways, and if we have eyes that see, it will not be long ere we discover one of the faces we seek. True, the artistic setting may be wanting; no halo will illumine the head; a flesh and blood Madonna, *she*, with warm life-currents coursing through veins whose pulsations beat perfect time with the heart-throbs of the human race, and with a countenance — mayhap, a homely, care-creased one — bearing such benedictive radiance as is set forth only in that which bears the stamps of the Great Artist's handiwork.

Perchance the first we meet has boundless wealth at her command, but having been called upon to restore some most precious jewels entrusted a brief time to her keeping, now, for the dear love of what she once possessed, spends her gold and her life in the service of earth's unfortunates. Perchance, she may be a mere "Madonna of the Tubs," struggling each day to earn the coppers that will keep starvation from her little brood, yet never too tired to croon a lullaby to quiet baby fears, or bend her weather-beaten face to kiss away the stain of tears from feverish baby cheeks. High or low her station, she is the never-failing source of sympathy. Some, hungering for a kind word of appreciation, turn to her and are satisfied; others, seeing stones of discouragement ahead, point them out to her, and she it is who stoops and rolls away the stones. Having herself groped along a path sometime obscured by sorrow's gloom; having herself stood at the brink of Marah's pool and tasted of its dark waters, she can encourage others passing that way and help to make their bitter sweet.

In the days of the truth-telling sages, one of the mightiest of these besought men not to look upon the things that are seen, but upon the things that are not seen. "For," wrote he, "the things that are *seen* are *temporal*; but the things that are *not seen* are *eternal*."

Once a man appeared before a great concourse of people. With language of amazing eloquence he played upon their emotions, until

they all, carried along in the whirlwind of his passion, made manifest their praise of him with a tumult that caused the very ground beneath their feet to tremble. Years passed, and one night death silenced the tongue that had been wont to drop such silver-sounding words, and long before the still lips had turned to dust, the orator's name and sayings were alike forgotten.

Now another man, robbed of all the best-loved things earth held for him, sat within the close limits of a cold and dark and barren prison-cell, and wrote lines heavy with the pathos of his own heart burnings. Somehow the paper found its way between the prison's window bars, and as it fluttered down a beggar chanced that way. He read the words. The fire in them touched a spark within his breast, and it sprang into flame. He sang the verses to the crowds that filled the streets, and other lips took up the strain. None wondered whence the words, or gave a thought to the singer. Each only knew that the song expressed longings — smothered within his own bosom. It seemed to the peasant as he hummed the lines, that the burden of his toil grew lighter; happy women sang them as their hands performed the household duties; little children lisped them in imitation. And so it came to pass that the words dwelt on the tongues of generation after generation.

Behold the works of these two men: the one, spending the strength of a promising manhood in the effort to win the applause of the people; the other, removed from the sight of his fellows, giving voice to the mute prayer of the oppressed of all ages: the utterances of the one perishing with his poor body; the utterances of the other living through centuries. Verily, the *seen* and the *unseen*; the *temporal* and the *eternal*.

Hundreds of years ago, within a low hut on the banks of the smooth-flowing Euphrates stood a crude loom fitted with warp strings close set and fine, betokening the richness of the forthcoming web. Day after day a weaver, one of Persia's humblest toilers, bent over his slow task of fashioning a wonderful tapet. Back and forth the wooden needle passed, stitching in threads of silk and wool whose colors rivaled in purity the hues of the water prisms dancing outside in the oriental sunshine. The delight of seeing the threads grow into his pattern was not the tapestry maker's; only the seamy, knotted side his eyes beheld; but the knowledge that the result of his labor

would please the hearts of those who should view it in years to come was joy enough for him. Centuries ago it was that the weaver's fingers practiced their art; to-day the tapestry hangs in the half-subdued light of a grand old cathedral, its surface still illumined by colors marvelously blended, beautiful as when the lonely workman lifted it from the loom. "*For,*" as was written, "*the things that are not seen are eternal.*"

So is the mother-task like that of the tapestry maker's. But a *fabric of life* she weaves, and the warp strings, exceeding fine and many in number, vibrate to every touch of the weaver. Hers the choice of threads that make up the weft; hers the choice of design for the textile. Her spindles are wound with strands of every conceivable color. Each day she patiently puts in the lengths, ever blending the tones with infinite skill, wisely mingling the deep-shaded passions with tints that reflect heaven's own sunlight. Within the quiet precincts of the home she plies her work, seeing for the most part, as did the weaver of old, the side all seamy and knotted. Still, she sings at her task, and constantly dreams of the glorious finish. Some day men will look upon that which her hands have wrought, and the sight will bring lasting joy to many a beholder. — *This, the unseen, this, the eternal.*

In the beginning, God committed to the mother the guardianship of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual well-being of the race, and that even mother-strength might not quail before the task, He gave to her the power of a love so deep it passeth all but His own understanding, —

A mother's love !
If there be one thing pure
Where all beside is sullied ;
That can endure
When all else pass away ;
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,
It is a mother's love.

Look you ! — A beautiful chamber within one of England's splend did palaces. Naught but the sound of slow, labored breathing breaks the ill-boding hush of the room, and upon a rich-canopied bed tosses the form of a child, held in the unyielding grip of a deadly plague.

Its tiny, fever-scorched hands deliriously clutch the empty air and in thick, choked voice the little one pleads for a kiss from its mother. — Swift and certain death for one who dares to press her lips against these burning ones! — But now the lovely Princess Alice enters, her face white with resolution, and brushing aside the hands that would restrain her, she gathers the fragile form close within her arms, and impresses kiss after kiss upon her dying baby's cheeks. That day a little soul went out of the world, and before England's sun had three times set, the soul of the *royal* princess went in quest of the other.

Once more look you! This time the scene a cotton field in Tennessee. Side by side a slave mother and her child are toiling. Near by stands the overseer, an evil-visaged "driver of men." Suddenly his brute nature becomes incensed at some small error of the youthful hands, and with all the strength of ungoverned fury in his arms, his whipstock he uplifts, prepared to gore the slave boy's back. Between her child and the swift-descending lash the black mother springs, — a smothered shriek; a rill of warm blood staining the soil; another white soul set free to join again its maker. — "Greater love hath no man than this, *that he lay down his life for another.*"

It seems I see before me far-stretching billows of full-ripened grain, and everywhere broad, smiling fields give promise of a happy harvest-tide. Even as I look, the reapers come, each swing of their glinting scythe-blades leaving behind long swaths of new-cut grain: and — yes, I hear the up-swelling strains of the joyous song of the harvest home. And now the high-noon time is come, and, in a great sun-burst of glory, a host of reapers and gleaners, bearing the fruitage of their season's labor, turn their faces toward the scene of the garnering in. Lo! At the head of them all, bringing with her a generous sheaf of golden, full-bearded grain, appears the mother of men, — to place it as an offering before Thy seat, good Master of the harvest, at whose right hand sitteth Mary, Mother of God.

57.

THE WISDOM OF THE GOOD

The world is so much of a hospital that even those who are well are affected by the atmosphere in which they live. Among so many semi-blind people they often doubt their own sight, and question their own sanity among so many who are not wholly sane. They cannot

escape the infection of an air breathed by generations of sick folk, and their courage is lowered by the fears which overshadow their neighbors. Even when they have become ministering spirits they are so exhausted by the drain on their spiritual vitality that they lose the overflowing joy of health and its boundless confidence in the goodness at the heart of the world. From time to time men and women of spiritual genius appear who are not imposed upon by the mere processes of thought, the sounding verbiage of knowledge, the false witness of the blind, or the half-blind, the illusion of the finality of the age; who look through the mist and see the sublime order moving to its appointed ends with the majesty of great stars set in their places by omnipotence. When these prophets, poets, teachers, appear, faith comes stealing back to the channels that had become hard and dry, and the barren land begins to sing once more. To such as these, who have the pure heart, the obedient will, the mind of the child, the highest things are not only credible: they are inevitable and unescapable. And these men and women are the spiritual experts; the only observers who speak with the authority of eye-witnesses. Against their witness the testimony of the sick, the deaf, the blind, has no weight; it is moving, pathetic, freighted with the pathos of suffering; but its value is personal, is universal.

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II. SPEECH QUALITY

Nature of speech quality. Read these selections aloud and note the vocal characteristics of each:

1. Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
2. Wal naow, Horace, don't ye cry so!
3. Away with weary cares and themes!
4. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!

Here, as shown before, there is a modulation in pitch which is called speech melody. But there is another impression which comes to the ear which is not melodic.

Recite the lines to one pitch, do away with the melody entirely, and still this impression loses none of its power. The sounds appeal to the ear not alone through their variation in pitch but through their inherent character or quality. The striking difference between the selections numbered 3 and 4 grows out of the variety of the vowel sounds used: in 3 most of the vowels are made with the front of the tongue; in 4 they are made, for the most part, with the back of the tongue. Note in the following extracts that the consonants are used to produce a qualitative effect in the so-called alliteration:

Full fathom five thy father lies.

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.

Again, in the extract from Tennyson numbered 1 there is an attempt to make words by their very sound describe objects or actions: "warble," "blare," "flutter." Further, there is a difference in the quality of the utterance growing out of the vocal conditions of the speaker; in the former the conditions are normal, in the latter, abnormal. Finally there might be a variety in the quality of the utterance of any one of the selections when given by the same reader if uttered under the influence of varying mental and physical states. The sympathetic response in the texture of the voice to the varying thought and feeling is called speech quality.

The mechanics of speech quality. As shown elsewhere, quality is dependent, for the most part, upon the number and character of the overtones which combine with the fundamental tone of the voice. Quality, then, depends upon the fundamental tone and upon the resonators which reënforce it and so produce the overtones. The resonant

character of stringed instruments is very different from that of wind instruments ; hence their quality will vary. In two stringed instruments the quality will vary, as is the case with the violin and piano, since the resonators and the method of producing the tone vary. Two instruments of the same kind will reveal unlike qualities because of some difference in workmanship, material, or performer. Applying these facts to the human voice, the following truths in regard to its quality may safely be postulated : The human voice will depend for its quality upon the character of the immediate vocal instrument, the "voice-box," and upon the resonators, throat, nose, or nasal passages, and muscular tissue, which sympathetically respond to strengthen the fundamental tone or to produce the overtones. Quality will distinguish voices, since any two voices have somewhat different instruments for the production of tone, and hence dissimilar resonators. Quality will have even an individual character, since certain of the resonators are fixed. Quality will constantly vary in the normal person, for certain of the resonators, notably the muscles, and especially the shape of the most important resonator, the mouth cavity, with its movable jaw and tongue, are variable and are constantly responding in changing shape to the thought and feeling. Varying quality will mark the same voice under varying conditions : sickness, health, intellectual and emotional states, abnormal physical and psychical conditions, natural, artificial, or accidental, since all these things affect the resonators. When the quality of the voice is good, the voice is spoken of as rich, mellow, pure, resonant ; when the quality is bad, such descriptive terms as nasal, harsh, throaty, guttural, falsetto, and breathy are employed.

NB
x
NB
x

Kinds of speech quality. Three terms, not very accurate but quite suggestive, may be used to designate fundamental qualities. These terms are "physical," "intellectual," and "spiritual." The first is the quality of voice found in conjunction with great vitality of body and good health, — the sort of voice every public speaker should covet. It bespeaks immense resources of strength and helps to create confidence in a speaker's capacity. The intellectual (mental) type of voice characterizes the ordinary utterances of most people where the simple purpose is to present facts. As a class, teachers are apt to have this quality. The name indicates the nature of the spiritual quality. It is more characteristic of women than of men, and rarely appears as a permanent quality.

The psychology of speech quality. As the melodic form, in its normal operation, reveals, for the most part, the logical or illogical action of the mind, so the quality of the voice serves as an index to the emotions, showing their presence or absence, and when present something of their nature. Every sound of the human voice has more or less definite quality which responds sympathetically to the varying physical and psychic states of the speaker. The quality of the "crying voice" is very different from that of the "laughing voice." The presence of deep emotions is instantly revealed by the speech quality, and in the highly trained voice it may be used as the greatest legitimate factor of emotional expression. The condition of the mind directly affects the muscles and hence the resonators which control to a large extent the quality of the voice. "Even the muscles apparently at rest in the body are contracted to some extent. This condition of faint contraction has been named 'tonus.' The effect of

the degree of tonus on song and speech has not been determined experimentally. It may be suggested that flabby muscles in the resonance cavities would diminish the duration of the free vibrations on account of the loss of energy at the soft walls. The effect upon the ear would be a change of quality of the vocal sound in a way still undefined and yet readily recognizable in the voices of the weak or sick in comparison with a stimulating healthy voice. Such changes appear as the result of fatigue, ill-health, and other devitalizing conditions ; in smaller degree they arise from any disturbance (mental or bodily, such as grief, disappointment, colds, the missing of a meal, etc.) that diminishes the vitality of the nerve centers.”¹

Monotone. Under normal conditions, in public speaking of a purposeful sort, the greatest fault in speech quality is monotone. This is the utterance of varied thought and feeling in one quality of voice. It corresponds to monopitch in speech melody. Public speaking, from its very nature, is, for the most part, strongly emotional, and much of its beauty and most of its power lie in the constant change through contrasts in thought and emotion ; it is rich in the strength and variety of emotional appeal. Then it follows that monotone under most conditions is a fault. But, as was the case in monopitch, there may be a desire to create a response to but one emotion, which shall dominate, as in liturgical reading or in any other effort to produce the feeling of a supernatural presence ; here it may be legitimate.

Cause of monotone. The main cause of monotone is clearly the failure of the mind of the reader or speaker to experience specific emotions. Why is this failure so

¹ Scripture.

common? There may be a complete lack of imaginative power, making the case almost a hopeless one; but frequently the failure is due to bad habits of thinking, which careful training may do much to remove. The failure may be due to a not uncommon state of being which grows out of the very nature of the work. This may be called "self-consciousness"; it has a number of forms. Here is a quite common one: Young men think it is "bad form" to show emotion in public except in connection with an athletic event; theirs is a hard case, but if they can be made to see that emotional expression is basic in successful public speaking, their ideals may change, to the betterment of their speech quality. Again, self-consciousness may operate to produce a timidity which will seriously check the natural flow of emotion through the voice. Sometimes the condition is an abnormal one and demands the skill of the family physician. There is still another form of self-consciousness as trying to the conscientious teacher as either one of the others already mentioned. It is the form which leads the student to make of his work an exhibition of his powers and gifts of person rather than a medium for the revelation of thought and feeling. He may need a sharp suggestion that all forms of self-consciousness may be at root forms of self-conceit and false pride.

Remedy. The only remedy which is worthy of much consideration is one which is directed at the cause of the fault. If there is monotone where there are a number of different emotions to be expressed, then the problem is to break up the mental state indicated by the monotone and secure for the reader or speaker an actual experience of the varied emotions. Training the voice so that it can express a variety in quality is practically impossible, for no

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Wrong emphasis

lasting results can be obtained until the emotions are actually felt. The vital need in most cases is a training of the imagination. That the imagination can be trained, aroused, vivified, until the mind of the learner takes on new powers of discernment and becomes rich in the experience of emotion where before it was dormant and approaching the "last long sleep" has been a repeated classroom experience of many a conscientious teacher. The result has been attained largely through the study of imaginative literature for the cultivation of taste.

The teaching of speech quality. As in the case of speech melody the teaching consists largely in a training of the mind for logical thinking, so in the teaching of speech quality the attention is directed primarily toward making the student feel, experience accurately and adequately, each specific emotion. The training of the voice so that it shall be an absolutely free agent is necessary. As speech melody demands a good range of voice, so speech quality requires a command of resonance. Resonance is the sympathetic response in vibration of one body to another whereby the sound produced by the latter is reënforced. The whole body is the vocal instrument, and must be harmonic in its responsive vibrations. There must be no restrictions. Restrictions of tongue, nose, throat, muscular tissue, anywhere in fact in the whole body which would naturally respond, will tend to muffle, sharpen, narrow, or in some way to alter the character of the tone. Exercises for freedom of tone through freedom of resonators are of primary importance in the attainment of purity of tone; but this result is best attained, other things being equal, through training to secure direct response in thought and feeling. These two processes cannot be separated; work

to promote thinking tends to promote feeling, and vice versa ; but for educational purposes they may be considered separately.

Method illustrated. The simpler ways in which qualitative effects are produced should be pointed out. Onomatopœia is a figure of speech in which an attempt is made to represent by the sound of a word the nature of an object or action. Buzz, hum, roar, rush, blast, boil, ticktack, chickadee, bumblebee, seesaw, mamma, whistle, etc. will serve to illustrate. Again, let the learner seek examples of a qualitative effect produced by a combination of words.¹

But, as already mentioned, speech quality is something more than these representative effects ; it is sympathetic response in voice to thought and feeling. In the instances referred to the poet compels the reader to give in some measure a response in voice. Let the learner turn back to Webster's peroration and discover the vast difference, from the emotional standpoint, in the two pictures which the speaker is painting. Not one speaker in twenty-five who are without training in public speaking — training in *genuine* thinking and feeling — will show any appreciable change in the quality of his voice in the reading of the two widely varying pictures, even where there is capacity for it.

Sometimes a speaker has an emotional quality, but it is a conventional one. Like an organ with but one stop, it must do service on all occasions. Joy, fear, sorrow, and love must all employ the same stop. Any emotion to such a person means a conventional mood of one unvaried feeling, usually of sadness.

¹ For such effects, see page 147.

But is not this demand, that specific emotions be felt, inconsistent with the suggestion given, that artistic expression demands the presence of joy as a fundamental emotion? Will not the presence of such an emotion shut out the sympathetic utterance of fear, hate, and similar emotions? At first glance this charge of inconsistency seems true. But is it inconceivable that a speaker may enjoy giving utterance through vocal interpretation to fear and hatred? It is not impossible of belief that this instinctive, subconscious joy will not only not interfere with the utterance of specific emotions, but, when expressing normal emotions, will prevent degeneration into abnormalities. Further, it is true that all vocal utterance, in the very nature of things, will have a personal, subconscious tinge, which in its noblest form is joyous. The expression of the fundamental joy of the patriotic outburst in the Webster peroration, already given, does not interfere with the utterance of supreme disgust at treason; it serves to enhance it.

Summary. Speech quality is that department of vocal expression which deals with mind revelation through the kind of voice. The physical quality generally expresses emotions growing out of an exuberance of vitality. The intellectual quality, for the most part, denotes absence of emotion. The spiritual quality reveals refined and lofty emotions. Monotone is usually a fault when, owing to a lack of apprehension, varied feeling is expressed in one quality of voice. Remedies for faults of speech quality lie first in the cultivation of the power to grasp specific emotions, and second in the training of the voice to secure a normal adjustment of the organs of speech. The former depends upon the cultivation of the imagination; the latter demands the careful training of the voice for resonance.

III. VOCAL PROGRAM

Speech rhythm. In the study of this, the fourth vocal program, recall the specific object in each of the others: in the first, centralization of power, coupled with relaxation of the jaw and throat; in the second, range of voice; in the third, resonance of voice. In the present program the learner should seek to develop agility of action in the vocal organs, especially in the tongue. The variety of movements physically essential in the production of speech rhythm can be attained only through such a mastery of the action of the tongue that, whether the action be rapid or slow, articulation will not fail to give the words an intelligible form. The stammerer and stutterer cannot read well. The rhythmic coördination of thought and vocal expression is wanting. Complete results, then, in this program as in all others, depend upon the growth in the action of the mind. Rhythmic speech comes only from rhythmic thought and feeling.

Further, it must be kept in mind that the cultivation of the voice, so far as so-called technical work is concerned, should not be attempted except under the personal direction of a competent instructor. The direct touch of such a teacher is invaluable in all vocal training; but much vocal development may be attained without such instruction, by the careful, judicious use of the material here offered, which, broadly speaking, avoids the use of many technical exercises.

If the student of public speaking in the use of the vocal methods of this book has recognized that he is making progress in the mastery of the power, range, and resonance of his voice, he may, in seeking to promote rhythmic

development, devote most of his attention to rhythmic contrasts in reading and speaking. The exercises of the following paragraphs are intended to develop speech rhythm.

1. Realize mentally and physically, so far as is possible, each specific emotion in the following selections :

- A. Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee! — HOGG
- B. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. — BRYANT
- C. Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide.
LONGFELLOW
- D. The one with yawning made reply:
"What have we seen? — Not much have I!
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams."
The other, smiling, said the same;
But with face transfigured and eye of flame:
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams!
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams."

CHAPTER IV

SPEECH RHYTHM

I. PRACTICAL EXERCISES

1. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
2. Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

3. My Lords: After more than six weeks' possession of the papers now before you, on a subject so momentous, at a time when the fate of this nation hangs on every hour, the Ministry have at length condescended to submit to the consideration of this House, intelligence from America with which your Lordships have been long and fully acquainted. . . .

I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in this urgent pressing crisis. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. For my own part, I will not desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business, from the first to the last. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded Ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their danger.

CHATHAM

4. Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

5. No royal governor sits in yon stately capitol; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coast; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of

caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge! And, as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back in utter defeat and ruin.

CURTIS

6. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat. — LONGFELLOW

7. Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee! — WORDSWORTH

8. One afternoon as Hilda entered St. Peter's in sombre mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation. It seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic

symbol of religious faith. . . . The pavement ! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-colored marble, where thousands of worshippers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof ! the dome ! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere. If religion had a material home, was it not here ? — HAWTHORNE

9.

CAVALIER TUNES

I. MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you 're —

Chorus. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

Chorus. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

Chorus. — March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !

10.

II. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

Chorus. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles! . . .

11.

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —

Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
 I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

Chorus. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!" — BROWNING

12.

RECESSIONAL

A VICTORIAN ODE

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

KIPLING

13. It was a Chicago police station. Half a dozen officers were there, watching with keen interest a stirring scene. At one end of the room stood a quiet, firm-faced man in citizen's clothes. At the other end stood a big policeman.

"I'm ready, any time," said the man in citizen's clothes. Slowly the big policeman drew a revolver from his hip pocket, aimed steadily at the man who had spoken, and fired point blank at his breast.

"Again," said the quiet man smiling serenely. The policeman fired again and again, till he had emptied his revolver. Then they all crowded around the man who had received the shots. He was still smiling and erect. Unbuttoning his coat, he showed beneath it a heavy, quilted vest. It was invented by Cassimir Zieglen, and the material and process of manufacture are kept secret. It is guaranteed to stop at twenty paces a Colt's forty-four bullet.

"Bullet-proof vest or not," said one of the policemen with a shrug, "you would n't catch me taking those chances. Why, there might be a hole in it, or a weak spot, and then where would you be?"

Now that is precisely the difference between the man who succeeds and the man who does not. The man who succeeds has an idea. He experiments with it. It becomes his life. He works it out. He makes it practical. He tests it by every possible test — by severer tests than it can meet in actual experience. Then he wraps himself up in it and faces the world.

"I am impregnable," he says. "Shoot at me all you wish. My idea is invulnerable. I believe in it, I stake my life upon it. Test it and me together."

The world does test it and him; trust the world for that. Bang, bang, bang! go the revolvers. Revolvers of criticism, of ridicule, of abuse, of injustice, of misrepresentation, of neglect, of scorn.

"Fire again!" he cries; "and again, and again! I believe in my idea. I am safe in it. Fire all you please." Such a man succeeds. The world always in the end submits to earnestness and faith.

But the men who shudder and say, "I would never let myself be shot at like that; why, his idea might have a hole in it," are the men at whom, to be sure, the world fires no shots, but they are the men, too, over whose graves men fire no honorable salutes after they are dead. They are safe, but they are nobodies. — WELLS in *The Young People's Weekly*.

14. A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the Pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris — clutched like a wild beast — banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great." — INGERSOLL

15. "KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL"

When I was a boy I learned, in playing baseball and tennis, to keep my eye on the ball. When I went to college and got my first

exhilarating taste of football, the coach taught us to keep our eyes on the ball. And when I caught the golf fever it was like meeting an old friend when the English expert, who was teaching me, said, "Keep your heye on the ball."

Many people are failures because they keep their eyes on themselves. One great thing about athletics is that self is forgotten for the time. Whatever you are doing, bend earnestly to the task. If you are only telling a story, think about the story, and not how you are telling it. Self-conscious talking becomes stammering. Many a good recitation has been spoiled because the speaker has been thinking about his hair or his necktie, his voice or gestures. The preacher who put in his sermon "gesture here," "weep here," must have amused rather than edified his hearers. One of the secrets of success is Dr. Edward E. Hale's maxim, "Look out, not in."

But how can we keep our eyes on the ball? how avoid looking in? For many, going to college cures self-consciousness. The petty vanities, the narrowing conceits, are mercilessly held up to ridicule; and the morbid, dreamy existence of the romance-fed girl vanishes in the busy, matter-of-fact life of the college halls.

But to "be up and doing" almost everywhere kills the demon of self-consciousness. President Roosevelt's praise of the person who "does things" should help those who are slaves to "good form." Let us bother less about form and work harder for results. The self-consciousness of the British soldier cost England millions of pounds in the Boer War. Bath tubs, cook stoves, and pianos in the army left a bitter memory and broke the prestige of Britain's soldiery.

Style and fashion are wonderful aids to self-consciousness. Therefore avoid modishness. Do not dress in the newest fad. Shun the "latest wrinkle" in hats, belts, ties, and gloves. Be neat, but plain. Array yourself so as to attract the least attention. Do not be flattered when people are constantly referring to your clothes. It is certain that the real "you" is smothered beneath yards of ribbon and cloth. What you wear ought never to be taken for what you are.

Refuse to be constantly measuring yourself beside others in looks, speech, dress, or abilities. If some one outshines you, keep sweet and calm in the serene consciousness that you have done your best. The habit of comparing ourselves with others always creates discontent and sometimes sours the whole life.

Let us keep our eyes off ourselves as far as possible. Keep them on the ball, and our best self will rise unconsciously to make the stroke strong and true. — J. F. COCHRAN in *The Young People's Weekly*.

16. We 're foot slog — slog — slog — sloggin' over Africa!

Foot — foot — foot — foot — sloggin' over Africa —

(Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war !

Seven — six — eleven — five — nine — an' — twenty mile to-day —

Four — eleven — seventeen — thirty-two the day before —

(Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war !

Don't — don't — don't — don't — look at what's in front of you

(Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again !)

Men — men — men — men — men go mad with watchin' 'em,

An' there 's no discharge in the war.

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something different —

Oh — my — God — keep — me from goin' lunatic !

(Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war.

Count — count — count — count — the bullets in the bandoliers ;

If — your — eyes — drop — they will get atop o' you

(Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again) —

There 's no discharge in the war !

We — can — stick — out — 'unger — thirst and weariness,

But — not — not — not the chronic sight of 'em —

Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again,

An' there 's no discharge in the war !

'T aint — so — bad — by — day — because o' company,

But night — brings — long — strings o' forty thousand million

Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up and down again.

There 's no discharge in the war !

I — 'ave — marched — six — weeks in 'ell an' certify

It — is — not — fire — devils dark or anything

But — boots — boots — boots, movin' up an' down again,

An' there 's no discharge in the war ! — KIPLING

17. He must go — go — go away from here !
 On the other side the world he's overdue.
 'Send your road is clear before you when the old
 Spring-fret comes o'er you
 And the Red Gods call for you! — KIPLING
18. I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride. — KIPLING
19. Day is dying! Float, O song,
 Down the westward river,
 Requiem chanting to the Day —
 Day, the mighty Giver.
- Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
 Melted rubies sending
 Through the river and the sky,
 Earth and heaven blending;
- All the long-drawn earthy banks
 Up to the cloud-land lifting:
 Slow between them drifts the swan,
 'Twixt two heavens drifting.
- Wings half-open like a flow'r
 Inly deeper flushing,
 Neck and breast as virgin's pure —
 Virgin proudly blushing.
- Day is dying! Float, O swan,
 Down the ruby river;
 Follow, song, in requiem
 To the mighty Giver. — GEORGE ELIOT
20. Push off the boat,
 Quit, quit the shore,
 The stars will guide us back: —

O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track !

On through the pines !
The pillared woods,
Where silence breathes sweet breath : —
O labyrinth,
O sunless gloom,
The other side of death ! — GEORGE ELIOT

21. I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast. — BROWNING

22. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark! —
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. — SHAKESPEARE

23. Muskeeters are a game bug, but they won't bite at a hook. There is millyuns ov them kaught every year. This makes the market for them unstiddy, the supply always exceeding the demand. The muskeeter is born on the sly, and cums to maturity quicker than enny other ov the domestic animiles. A muskeeter at three hours old iz just az reddy and anxious to go into bizziness for himself as ever he was, and bites the fust time az sharp and natral az red pepper duz. The muskeeter haz a good ear for musik and sings without notes. The song ov the muskeeter iz monotonous to sum folks, but in me it stirs up the memories ov other days. I hav' lade awake all nite long menmy a time and listened to the sweet anthems ov the muskeeter. I am satisfied that there want nothing made in vain, but i kant help thinking how mighty kluss the muskeeter cum to it. The muskeeter has inhabited this world since its creashun, and will probably hang around here until bizziness kloses. Whare the muskeeter goes to in the winter is a standing konundrum, which all the naturalists

hav' giv' up, but we kno' that he dont go far, for he is on hand early each year with his probe fresh ground and polished. Muskeeters must be one of the luxurys ov life, they certainly aint one ov the necessarys, not if we kno' ourselves. — HENRY W. SHAW

24. It was up in the morn we rose betimes
 From the hall-floor hard by the row of limes.
 It was but John the Red and I,
 And we were the brethren of Gregory;
 And Gregory the Wright was one
 Of the valiant men under the sun,
 And what he bade us that we did,
 For ne'er he kept his counsel hid.
 So out we went, and the clattering latch
 Woke up the swallows under the thatch.
 It was dark in the porch, but our scythes we felt,
 And thrust the whetstone under the belt.
 Through the cold garden boughs we went
 Where the tumbling roses shed their scent.
 Then out a-gates and away we strode
 O'er the dewy straws on the dusty road,
 And there was the mead by the town-reeve's close
 Where the hedge was sweet with the wilding rose.

WILLIAM MORRIS in "The Folk-Mote by the River"

25. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

SHAKESPEARE

26. *Sir Peter Teazle*. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more —

Lady Teazle. So much the better.

Sir Peter Teazle. No — no madam 't is evident you never cared a pin for me — I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady Teazle. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty — only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter Teazle. Aye — aye — madam — but you were pleased enough to listen to me — you never had such an offer before —

Lady Teazle. No — did n't I refuse Sir Jeremy Terrier — who everybody said would have been a better match — for his estate is just as good as yours — and he has broke his neck since we have been married! — SHERIDAN

27. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself, that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues. — CLAY

28. When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's
aching breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west.

29. Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream; — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, — then we begin to be, — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity. — HAWTHORNE

30. Oh, I'm so tired! Help me along!

31. CONCERNING MOSQUITOES

Feelingly dedicated to their discounted bills

Skeeters have the reputation
Of continuous application
To their poisonous profession;
Never missing nightly session,
Wearing out your life's existence
By their practical persistence.

Would I had the power to veto
Bills of every mosquito;
Then I'd pass a peaceful summer,

With no small nocturnal hummer
Feasting on my circulation,
For his regular potation.

Oh ! that rascally mosquito !
He 's a fellow you must see to ;
Which you can't do if you 're napping,
But must evermore be slapping
Quite promiscuous on your features ;
For you 'll seldom hit the creatures.

But the thing most aggravating
Is the cool and calculating
Way in which he tunes his harpstring
To the melody of sharpsting ;
Then proceeds to serenade you,
And successfully evade you.

When a skeeter gets through stealing,
He sails upward to the ceiling,
Where he sits in deep reflection
How he perched on your complection,
Filled with solid satisfaction
At results of his extraction.

Would you know, in this connection,
How you may secure protection
For yourself and city cousins
From these bites and from these buzzin's ?
Show your sense by quickly getting
For each window — skeeter netting.

32. As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects,
and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's
heart ;

So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed.
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white
 corn,
 And all did wishfully expect the silver-thronèd morn.

CHAPMAN in *Iliad*, Book VIII.

33. It is an ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 " By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me? " — COLERIDGE

34. Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
 Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. B. WHITE

35. HER FIRST DAWN

At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution ; — the countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change : the grass too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about ; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was

almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations. And the color of the sky itself was most wonderful; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as herald of the morning. "O!" she cried, joy catching at her voice, "O! it is the dawn!" — STEVENSON

36. Thus I
 Pass by
 And die
 As one
 Unknown
 And gone. — HERRICK

37. The raging rocks
 And shivering shocks
 Shall break the locks
 Of prison gates;
 And Phibbus' car
 Shall shine from far
 And make and mar
 The foolish Fates. — SHAKESPEARE

38. The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WORDSWORTH

39. Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go. — BROWNING

40. BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS OF VILLON

Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn
 Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous years,
 First of us all and sweetest singer born,
 Whose far shrill note the world of new men hears,
 Cleave the cold shuddering shade as twilight clears;
 When song new-born put off the old world's attire
 And felt its tune on her changed lips expire,
 Writ foremost on the roll of them that came
 Fresh girt for the service of the latter lyre,
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!
 SWINBURNE

41. Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.
- Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
 Two Coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 't is heard no more —
 O Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far — but far above the Great.
 GRAY in " The Progress of Poesy "

42.

HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace !
 Bow down in prayer and praise !
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
 O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !

Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee ;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare !— LOWELL

43. The love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has its delights ; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection ; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart ? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry ? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn from the charms of the living.

44. O sing unto the Lord a new song :
 Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name ;
 Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
 Declare his glory among the nations,
 His marvellous works among all the peoples.

Psalm xcvi, 1-3

45. He lived in a cave by the seas,
 He lived upon oysters and foes,
 But his list of forbidden degrees

An extensive morality shows :
 Geological evidence goes
 To prove he had never a pan,
 But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
 'T was the manner of Primitive Man !

He worshipped the rain and the breeze,
 He worshipped the river that flows,
 And the Dawn and the Moon and the trees
 And bogies and serpents and crows ;
 He buried his dead with their toes
 Tucked up, an original plan,
 Till their knees came right under their nose ;
 'T was the manner of Primitive Man !

His communal wives, at his ease,
 He would curb with occasional blows ;
 Or his state had a queen, like the bees
 (As another philosopher trows) ;
 When he spoke, it was never in prose,
 But he sang in a strain that would scan,
 For (to doubt it, perchance were morose)
 'T was the manner of Primitive Man.

ENVOY

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
 But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
 For as every Darwinian knows,
 'T was the manner of Primitive Man. — LANG

46. Too hard it is to sing
 In these untuneful times,
 When only coin can ring,
 And no one cares for rhymes !

Alas ! for him who climbs
 To Aganippe's spring : —
 Too hard it is to sing
 In these untuneful times !

His kindred clip his wing ;
 His feet the critic limes ;
 If Fame her laurel bring
 Old age his forehead rimes : —
 Too hard it is to sing
 In these untuneful times ! — AUSTIN DOBSON

47. A man must live ! We justify
 Low shift and trick to treason high,
 A little vote for a little gold,
 To a whole senate bought and sold,
 With this self-evident reply.

But is it so ? Pray tell me why
 Life at such cost you have to buy ?
 In what religion were you told
 "A man must live" ?

There are times when a man must die.
 Imagine for a battle-cry
 From soldiers with a sword to hold —
 From soldiers with the flag unfurled —
 This coward's whine, this liar's lie,
 "A man must live" !

48. Wouldst thou not be content to die
 When low-hung fruit is hardly clinging
 And golden Autumn passes by ?

Beneath this delicate rose-gray sky,
 While sunset bells are faintly ringing,
 Wouldst thou not be content to die ?

For wintry webs of mist on high
 Out of the muffled earth are springing,
 And golden Autumn passes by.

O now when pleasures fade and fly,
 And Hope her southward flight is winging,
 Wouldst thou not be content to die ?

Lest winter come, with wailing cry
 His cruel icy bondage bringing,
 When golden Autumn hath passed by ;
 And thou with many a tear and sigh,
 While life her wasted hands is wringing,
 Shall pray in vain for leave to die
 When golden Autumn hath passed by. — GOSSE

49. In his arms thy silly lamb,
 Lo ! he gathers to his breast !
 See, thou sadly bleating dam,
 See him lift thy silly lamb !
 Hear it cry, " How blest I am ! —
 Here is love, and love is rest."
 In his arms thy silly lamb
 See him gather to his breast ! — MACDONALD

50. THE MOODS

Literature differs from explanatory and scientific writing in being wrought about a mood, or a community of moods, as the body is wrought about an invisible soul ; and if it uses argument, theory, erudition, observation, and seems to grow hot in assertion or denial, it does so merely to make us partakers at the banquet of moods. It seems to me that these moods are the laborers and messengers of the Ruler of All, the gods of the ancient days ascending and descending upon their shining ladder ; and that argument, theory, erudition, observation, are merely what Blake called " little devils who fight for themselves," illusions of our visible, passing life, who must be made serve the moods, or we have no part in eternity. Everything that can be seen, touched, measured, explained, understood, argued over, is to the imaginative artist nothing more than a means, for he belongs to the invisible life, and delivers its ever new and ever ancient revelation. We hear much of his needs for the restraints of reason, but the only restraint that he can obey is the mysterious instinct that has made him an artist, and that teaches him to discover immortal moods in mortal desires, an undecaying hope in our trivial ambitions, a divine love in sexual passion. — YEATS

51.

PRESS ON!

Press on! Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, press on!

52. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black column of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance. — IRVING

53. Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work as did your

sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

KELLOGG

54. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent. — PITT

55. As one looks round upon the community to-day, how clear the problem of hundreds of unhappy lives appears. Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that that is what they need,—the sacrifice of themselves for other people? Rich men with all their wealth are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always soaring into bigotry and envy,—every man knows what these men need: just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests to which they are tied. Sometime or other a great, slow, quiet tide, or a great, strong, furious storm, must come and break every rope that binds them, and carry them clear out to sea; and then they will for the first time know the true, manly joy for which a man was made, as a ship for the first time knows the full joy for which a ship was made, when she trusts herself to the open sea and, with the wharf left far behind, feels the winds over her and the waters under her, and recognizes her true life. Only, the trust to the great ocean must be complete. No trial trip will do. No ship can tempt the sea and learn its glory, so long as she goes moored by any rope, however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea grows too rough. The soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never

can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.

56. Before every well-done work a vision comes. We dream before we accomplish. We start with the glorified image of what we are to do shining before our eyes, and it is its splendor that encourages and entices us through all the drudgery of the labor that we meet. The captain dreams out his battle sleeping in his tent. The quick and subtle-brained inventor has visions of his new wonder of machinery before the first toothed wheel is fitted to its place. You merchants see the great enterprise that is to make your fortune break out of vacancy and develop all its richness to you as if it were a very inspiration from above. Nay, what is all our boyhood, that comes before our life, and thinks and pictures to itself what life shall be, that fancies and resolves and is impatient, — what is it but just the vision before the work, the dream of Europe coming to many a young life, as it sleeps at Troas, on the margin of the sea? The visions before the work, — it is their strength that conquers the difficulties, and lifts men up out of their failures, and redeems the tawdriness or squalidness of the labor that succeeds. And such preparatory visions, the best of them, take the form of importunate demands. The man hears the world crying out for just this thing which he is going to start to do to-morrow morning. This battle is to save the cause. This new invention is to turn the tide of wealth. This mighty bargain is to make trade another thing. The world must have it. And the long vision of boyhood is in the same strain too. There is something in him, this new boy says, which other men have never had. His new life has its own distinctive difference. He will fill some little unfilled necessary place. He will touch some little untouched spring. The world needs him.

57. Ideality, magnanimity, and bravery are what make the heroes. These are what glorify certain lives that stand through history as the lights and beacons of mankind. The materialist, the skeptic, the coward, he cannot be a hero. We talk sometimes about the unheroic character of modern life. We say that there can be no heroes nowadays. We point to our luxurious living for the reason. But oh, my

friends, it is not in your silks and satins, not in your costly houses and your sumptuous tables, that your unheroic lives consist. It is in the absence of great inspiring ideas, of generous enthusiasms, and of the courage of self-forgetfulness. It may be that you must throw away your comfortable living to get these things; but your lack of heroism is not in your comfortable living, but in the absence of these things. Do not blame a mere accident for what lies so much deeper. There are moments when you bear your sorrows, when you watch your dying, when you bury your dead, when you are anxiously teaching your children, when you resist a great temptation, when your faith or your country is in danger; there are such moments with all when you seize the idea of human living and are made generous and brave because of it. Then, for all your modern dress, for all your modern parlor where you stand, you are heroic like David, like Paul, like any of God's knights in any of the ages which are most remote and picturesque. Then you catch some glimpses of a region into which you might enter, and where, with no blast of trumpets or waving of banners, you might be heroic all the time.

58. And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

The neighbours therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight. Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not.

They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them. They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet.

But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see? His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not: he is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself. . . .

Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. Then said they to him again, What did he to thee? how opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be his disciples? Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is. The man answered and said unto them, Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing. They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out.

Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He

answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him. — JOHN ix, 1-21, 24-38.

59. Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest. — TENNYSON

60.

A PROSE LYRIC

Blossom week in Maryland! The air steeped in perfume and soft as a caress; the sky a luminous gray interwoven with threads of silver, flakings of pearl, and tiny scales of opal.

All the hill-sides smothered in bloom — of peach, cherry, and pear; in waves, windrows, and drifts of pink and ivory. Here and there, fluffy white, a single tree upheld like a bride's bouquet ready for my lady's hand when she goes to meet her lord. In the marshes flames

of fringed azaleas and the tracings of budding birch and willow outspread like the sticks of fans. At their feet, shouldering their way upward, big dock leaves, — vigorous, lusty leaves, — eager to flaunt their verdure in the new awakening. Everywhere the joyous songs of busy birds fresh from the Southland — flying shuttles these, of black, blue and brown, weaving homes in the loom of branch and bud.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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61.

SCENES FROM RICHELIEU

ACT II, Scene II. *In the Cardinal's Palace*

Richelieu (entering). And you will engage to give the Duke's dispatch to whom I send?

Voice. Ay, marry!

Richelieu (aside). Huguet? No;

He will be wanted elsewhere. Joseph? zealous,
But too well known; too much the elder brother.

Mauprat? alas! his wedding-day!

François? the man of men! unnoted, young,
Ambitious. (*Calls*) François! François!

Follow this fair lady.

Find him suitable garments, Marion; (*to François*) take
My fleetest steed; arm thyself to the teeth;

A packet will be given you with orders,

No matter what! The instant that your hand

Closes upon it — clutch it, like your honor,

Which death alone can steal, or ravish; set

Spurs to your steed; be breathless till you stand

Again before me. Stay, sir! You will find me

Two short leagues hence, at Ruelle, in my castle.

Young man, be blithe! for, note me, from the hour

I grasp that packet, think your guardian star

Rains fortunes on you!

Voice. If I fail —

Richelieu. Fail —

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves

For a bright manhood, there's no such word

As fail. You will instruct him further, Marion.
Follow her but at a distance. Speak not to her
Till you are housed. Farewell, boy! Never say
"Fail" again! Ha! ha! ha!

Voice. I will not!

Richelieu. There's my young hero.
So they would seize my person in this place!
I cannot guess their scheme. But my retinue
Is here too large! A single traitor could
Strike impotent the fate of thousands; Joseph.
Art sure of Huguet? Think, we hanged his father!

Voice. You've heaped favors on the son.

Richelieu. Trash! favors past, that's nothing! In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favors
To come he counts on?

Voice. Yes, a colonel's rank, and letters of nobility.

Richelieu. What, Huguet? Colonel and nobleman!
My bashful Huguet! That can never be!
We have him not the less. We'll promise it!
And see the king withholds! — Ah, kings are oft
A great convenience to a minister!
No wrong to Huguet either; Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than possession! — Yes! —
We'll count on Huguet! Favors past do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowsy — dull the scent,
Slacken the speed; — favors to come, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur
Would make a Cerberus. — BULWER

62. ACT III, Scene I. *In the Cardinal's Palace*

Enter François hastily, and in part disguised

Richelieu (flinging away book). Philosophy, thou liest!
Quick — the dispatch! Power — Empire! Boy — the packet!

François. Kill me, my Lord.

Richelieu. They knew thee — they suspected — they gave it
not —

François. He gave it — he — the Count
De Baradas — with his own hand he gave it!

Richelieu. Baradas! Joy! out with it!

François. Listen!
And then dismiss me to the headsman.

Richelieu. Ha! Go on.

François. They led me to a chamber — There
Orleans and Baradas — and some half-score,
Whom I knew not — were met —

Richelieu. Not more!

François. But from
The adjoining chamber broke the din of voices,
The clattering tread of armed men; at times
A shriller cry, that yelled out, "Death to Richelieu!"

Richelieu. Speak not of me; thy country is in danger!
Spare not thy life? who spake of life?
I bade thee grasp the treasure as thine honor,
A jewel worth whole hecatombs of lives.
Begone! redeem thine honor! Back to Marion,
Or Baradas, or Orleans; track the robber;
Regain the packet — or crawl on to age,
Age and gray hairs like mine, and know thou hast lost
That which had made thee great, and saved thy country!
See me not till thou 'st bought the right to seek me.
Away! nay, cheer thee! thou hast not failed yet;
There's no such word as fail.

Richelieu. The poor youth!
An elder had asked life! I love the young!
For as great men live not in their own time,
But the next race — so in the young my soul
Makes many Richelieus. He'll win it yet.
François? He's gone! So, so! my murder! Marion's warning.
This bravo's threat! O for the morrow's dawn!
I'll set my spies to work; I'll make all space,
As does the sun, an universal eye.
Huguet shall track — Joseph confess — ha! ha! —
Strange while I laughed, I shuddered — and ev'n now
Through the chill air the beating of my heart

Sounds like the deathwatch by a sick man's pillow ;
 If Huguet could deceive me — hoofs without —
 The gates uncloze — steps near and nearer ! — BULWER

63.

GARDEN FANCIES

THE FLOWER'S NAME

Here 's the garden she walked across,
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since :
 Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
 Hinders the hinges and makes them wince !
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
 As back with that murmur the wicket swung ;
 For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurned,
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
 She went while her robe's edge brushed the box :
 And here she paused in her gracious talk
 To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
 Roses, ranged in valiant row,
 I will never think that she passed you by !
 She loves you, noble roses, I know ;
 But yonder, see, where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
 Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
 Its soft meandering Spanish name :
 What a name ! Was it love or praise ?
 Speech half-asleep or song half-awake ?
 I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
 I may bring her, one of these days,
 To fix you fast with as fine a spell,
 Fit you each with his Spanish phrase ;

But do not detain me now; for she lingers
 There, like sunshine over the ground,
 And ever I see her soft white fingers
 Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
 Stay as you are and be loved forever!
 But, if I kiss you 't is that you blow not,
 Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never!
 For while it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
 Till round they turn and down they nestle —
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee;
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
 June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
 Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
 Treasure my lady's lightest footfall!
 — Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces —
 Roses, you are not so fair after all! — BROWNING

64.

HIS MAJESTY THE BABY

Until the bus stopped and the old gentleman entered we had been a contented and genial company, traveling from a suburb into the city in high good fellowship, and our absolute monarch was Baby. His mother was evidently the wife of a well-doing artisan, a wise-looking, capable, bonnie young woman, and Baby was not a marvel of attire, nor could he be called beautiful.

In a bus where there is nothing to do for forty minutes except stare into one another's faces, a baby has the great chance of his life, and this baby was made to seize it.

His first conquest was easy and might have been discounted, for against such an onset there was no power of resistance in the elderly woman opposite, — one of the lower middles, fearfully stout, and of course a grandmother. He simply looked at her — if he smiled, that

was thrown in — for, without her knowledge, her arms had begun to shape themselves for his reception — so often had children lain on that ample resting place. "Bless 'is little 'eart; it do me good to see 'im."

The next passenger, just above Grannie, is a lady, young and pretty, and a mother. Of course; did you not see her look Baby over, as an expert at her sharpest? The mother is conscious of inspection and adjusts a ribbon his majesty had tossed aside, and then she meekly awaited approval. For a moment we were anxious, but that was our foolishness, for in half a minute the lady's face relaxed and she passed Baby. She leaned forward and asked questions, and we overheard scraps of technical detail: "My first — fourteen months — six teeth — always well." One was a lady, the other a working-woman; they had not met before; they were not likely to meet again; but they had forgotten strangeness and differences in the common bonds of motherhood.

Baby had wearied of inaction and had begun another campaign and my heart sank, for this time he courted defeat. On the other side of Grannie and within Baby's sphere of influence was a man about whose profession there could be little doubt, even if he had not had a bag on his knee and were not reading from a parchment document. After a long and serious consideration of the lawyer's clean-cut, clean-shaven, bloodless face, Baby leaned forward and tapped gently on the deed, and then, when the keen face looked up in quick inquiry, Baby replied with a smile of roguish intelligence, as if to say: "By the way, that parchment would make an excellent drum; do you mind me — A tune has just come into my head." The lawyer, of course, drew away the deed and frowned at the insolence of the thing. No, he did not, — there is a soul in lawyers if you know how to find it, — he smiled. Well, it was not a first-rate smile, but it was genuine, and the next time he did it better, and afterward it spread all over his face and lighted up his eyes. He had never been exposed to such genial, irresistible ways before, and so he held the drum, and Baby played a variation on "Rule, Britannia," with much spirit, while Grannie appealed for applause: "If 'e don't play as well as the band in 'yde Park of a Sunday."

After a well-deserved rest of forty seconds, during which we wagged our heads in wonder, Baby turned his head and gave his

attention to his right-hand neighbor, and, for the balance of the minute, examined her with compassion, — an old maid without question, with her disposition written on the thin lips and hard gray eyes. None of us would care to trifle with her. Will he dare? If he has not! That was his chief stroke of genius, and it deserved success, when, with an expression of unaffected pity, he put out his soft, dimpled hand and gently stroked her cheek, acting as if to say: "Poor thing, all 'lone, 'lone! I'm so solly, solly, solly, so velly, velly, velly solly." Did I say that her eyes were tender and true enough to win a man's heart and keep it, and that her lips spoke of patience and gentleness? If I did not, I repair my neglect. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth — no, no, to-day, just when she inclines her head and Baby strokes her cheek again and cooes, "Pretty, pretty, pretty, and so velly, velly, velly good." Was that not a lovely flush on her cheek? — Oh, the fool of a man that might have had that love!

Two passengers on Baby's left had endured these escapades with patient and suffering dignity. When a boy is profoundly conscious that he is — well, a man, and yet a blind and unfeeling world conspires to treat him as — well — a child — he must protect himself and assert his position. Which he does, to the delight of everybody with any sense of humor, by refusing to be kissed by his mother or sisters in public, by severely checking any natural tendencies to enthusiasm about anything except sport, by allowing it to be understood that he has exhausted the last remaining pleasure and is fairly burned out.

Dear boy, and all the time ready to run a mile to see a cavalry regiment drill and tormented by a secret hankering after the zoölogical gardens. These had been nice little chaps two years ago and would be manly fellows two years hence. Meanwhile, they were provoking and required punishment or regeneration. Baby was to them a "kid," to be treated with contempt, and when in a paroxysm of delight over the folly of a law paper he had tilted one of the young men's hats, that blasé ancient replaced it with a bored and weary air. How Baby had taken in the situation I cannot guess, but he had his mind on the lads, and suddenly, while they were sustaining an elaborate concern, he flung himself back and crowed — yes, joyfully crowed — with rosy, jocund countenance in the whites of the eyes of the two

solemnities. One raised his eyebrows, and the other looked at the roof in despair, but I had hopes, for who could resist this bubbling, chortling mirth? One laughs a glad, boyish chuckle, and the other tickles Baby just at the right spot below the chin, — has a baby at home after all and loves it, — declaring aloud that he is a “jolly little beggar.” Those boys are all right. There is a sound heart below their little affectations, and they are going to be men.

We had one vacant place left, and that was how he intruded on our peace, but let me make one excuse for him. It is aggravating to stand on the edge of the pavement and wave your umbrella ostentatiously to a bus which passes you and draws up fifteen yards ahead, to make your dangerous way along a slippery street with horses bent upon your life, to be ordered to hurry up by the impatient conductor and ignominiously hauled on to a moving bus. For an elderly gentleman of military appearance and short temper it was not soothing and he might have been excused a word or two, but he distinctly exceeded. He insisted in language of great directness and simplicity that the conductor had seen him all the time; that if he did n't he ought to have been looking; that he (the colonel) was not a fox terrier, to run after a bus in the mud; that the conductor was an impertinent scoundrel and that he would have him dismissed, with other things and words unworthy of even a retired army officer. The sympathy of the bus did not go out to him, and when he forced himself in between the lawyer and Grannie, and, leaning forward with his hands on his cane, glared at us impartially, relations were strained.

A cut on his cheek and a bristly white mustache half hiding, half concealing, a cruel mouth, did not commend the new passenger to a peaceable company. Baby regarded the old man with sad attention, and at last he indicated that his fancy is to examine the silver head of the colonel's cane. The colonel, after two moments' hesitation, removes his hands and gives full liberty. On second thoughts, he must have got that cut in some stiff fight. Wonder whether he is a V. C. Baby moves the cane back and forward to a march of his own devising, the colonel actively assisting. Now that I see it in a proper light his mustache is soft and sets off the face excellently. Had it not been the cut puckering the corner of the upper lip, that would have been a very sweet mouth for a man, or even for a woman.

Baby is not lifted above all human weaknesses — preserve us from perfect people — and he indicates a desire to taste as well as handle that silver head. The colonel is quite agreeable — the most good-natured man you could meet in a day's journey — but Baby's guardian objects, and history warns us of the dangers which beset a collision between an absolute monarch and his faithful commons. We were all concerned, but the crisis is safe in the colonel's hands. He thrusts his hand within the tightly buttoned frock coat and produces a gold hunting watch — crested, did you notice — and — yes, just what every father has done for his baby since watches were invented — he blew; the lid flew open. Baby blew, and the lid flew open faster and farther. "Reminds me of my boy at that age — killed on frontier last year." Is much ashamed of this confidence, and we all look unconscious. What a fine, simple old fellow he is.

"Saved up, has he," the colonel is speaking to the mother, "to give Baby and you a week at Ramsgate? He's the right sort, your husband. It's for Baby, not for you, to get him some folderol, you know. He's done a lot of good to a crusty old chap." And he passes something from his pocket into the mother's hand.

The conductor has taken in the scene with huge delight and closes it at just the right point. "Your club, general; just wait till the bus stops. Can you get near the curb, Bill? Now, that's right; take care, sir, plenty of time." The colonel was standing on the broad step of the Veterans', smiling and waving his hand; the bus waved back, the conductor touched his cap, and Baby danced for sheer joy, since there is no victory like love. — IAN MACLAREN

65.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
 And tallest, Gareth, in a shower of spring
 Stared at the spate.¹ A slender-shafted pine
 Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd away.
 "How he went down," said Gareth, "as a false knight
 Or evil king before my lance, if lance
 Were mine to use. O senseless cataract.
 Bearing all down in thy precipitancy —

¹ River flood.

And yet thou art swollen with cold snows
And mine is living blood: thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that know,
Have strength and wit, in my good mother's hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prison'd, and kept and coax'd and whistled to —
Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Heaven yield¹ her for it, but in me put force
To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly discaiged to sweep
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur, working out his will."

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair
Ask'd, "Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,
Sweet mother, do ye love me, let me go."

To whom the mother said:

"Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird.
Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man."

Then Gareth: "How can ye keep me tether'd! Shame!
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King."

And Gareth answer'd further: "I will walk thro' fire,
Mother, to gain it — your full leave to go."

"Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Ay, go then, an ye must: only one proof
Of thine obedience and thy love to me."

"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go!"

"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

¹ Reward.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied :
" The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage ;
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knives.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labour him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach,¹ draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks ; and Gareth bow'd himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls ;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laugh'd ; he sprang ; and then he sought
The King alone, and found and told him all.

" Make me thy knight — in secret ! let my name
Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes."

" Make thee my knight in secret ? yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

¹ Spit.

" Lynette, my name ; noble ; my need, a knight
 To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
 A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
 And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
 She lives in Castle Perilous : a river
 Runs in three loops about her living-place ;
 And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
 Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth,
 And of that four the mightiest, holds her stayed
 In her own castle, and so besieges her
 To break her will, and make her wed with him.
 They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
 and three of these
 Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day,
 Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star ;
 The fourth, who always rideth arm'd in black,

He names himself the Night and oftener Death.
And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose,
"A boon, Sir King — this quest!" then — for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull —
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King," and Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow. "Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight —
Go therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath
Slew the May-white: she lifted either arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the King,
Took horse, descended the slope street, and past
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring "Kitchen-knave!"

Then Gareth donn'd the helm, and took the shield
And mounted horse and graspt a spear, of grain
Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site, and tippt
With trenchant steel. Around him slowly prest
The people, who threw up their caps and cried,
"God bless the King and all his fellowship!"
And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth rode
Down the slope street, and past without the gate.
But by the field of tourney lingering yet
Mutter'd the damsel, "O fie upon him! —
His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew,
Shining in arms. "Damsel, the quest is mine.

Lead, and I follow." But she cried: "Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.
And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.
"Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,
"Master no more! too well I know thee, ay —
The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."
"Have at thee then," said Kay: they shock'd, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,
"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

So till the noon that followed rode on the two,
Reviler and reviled; and then Lynette:
"I fly no more: I allow thee for an hour.
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously:
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed."

Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.
And therefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall?
For whom we let thee pass." "Nay, nay," she said,
"Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave: and look thou to thyself:
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarm'd; he is not knight but knave."

Then she that watch'd him: "Wherefore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is time:
Flee down the valley before he get to horse.

Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave."
Said Gareth: "Damsel, whether knave or knight,
Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know
That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore
The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge:
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
Avoid: for it beseemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

"Dog, thou liest!
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and each at once
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.
"Thy shield is mine — farewell; and damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled;
Then when he came upon her, spake: "Methought,
Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge,
The savour of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier: but the wind hath chang'd:
I scent it twenty-fold." And then she sang:
"O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true;
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smil'd on me."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd laughingly,
"The knave that doth thee service as full knight

Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Ay, ay, but thou shalt meet thy match."

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
Huge on a high red horse, and all in mail
Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday-Sun.
Him Gareth met mid-stream; no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford:
"Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled"; and again she sang:
"'O birds that warble in the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'
There stands the third fool of their allegory."

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow,
That named himself the Star of Evening stood.

And Gareth: "Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,
"Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up: but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?" and the damsel cried:

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!"

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn
And the two madly hurl'd together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him; . . .
But up like fire he started: and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labour'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamouring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight, well stricken, O good knight-knave —
Shame me not, shame me not. I have prophesied —
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round —
Strike — strike — the wind will never change again."

And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd skin,
. . . till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.
"I have thee now"; but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms
Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ever his uttermost
Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said:
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.

" ' O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colours after rain,
Shine sweetly : thrice my love hath smiled on me.'
Sir, — and, good faith, I fain had added — Knight,
But that I heard thee call thyself a knave, —
Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee ; noble I am ; and thought the King
Scorn'd me and mine ; and now thy pardon, friend."

" Damsel," he said, " you be not all to blame,
Saving that you mistrusted our good King
Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
Not fit to cope your quest. Good sooth ! I hold
He scarce is knight, who lets
His heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat
At any damsel's waywardness.
Shamed ? Care not ! thy foul sayings fought for me :
And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me." . . .

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all light, they rode
In converse till she made her palfry halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd, " There."
And then the two were silent seeing, pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak,
Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging ; which Sir Gareth graspt,
And so before Lynette could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.

In the half-light — thro' the dim dawn — advanced
The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly :

" Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,

Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries?"

. . . But he spake no word;
Which set the horror higher; a maiden swoon'd;
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
As doom'd to be the bride of Night and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm.

At once Sir Gareth's charger fiercely neigh'd,
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
Then those that did not blink the terror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left and lay.
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, " Knight,
Slay me not : my three brethren bade me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors ;
They never dream'd the passes would be past."
Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, " My fair child,
What madness made thee challenge a brave knight
Of Arthur's hall?" " Fair Sir, they bade me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend;
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream,
They never dream'd the passes could be past."

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven æ blooming boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later says Lynette.

Adapted from TENNYSON in "Idylls of the King."

66.

A ROYAL PRINCESS

I, a princess, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore ;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo, — eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne ;
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end ;
My father and mother give me treasures, search and spend —
O my father ! O my mother ! have you ne'er a friend ?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtilties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarrelled with his neighbors, he has scourged his foes ;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows,

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state
To break the strength of armies and topple down the great :
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father counting up his strength sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men ;
These for slaughter, these for labor, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads ; some to man his ships ;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips ;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh and blood ;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay ;
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of gray ;
My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place,
My ladies and gentlemen stood by me on the dais :
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face ;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon ;
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is known ;
They laugh by day, they sleep by night ; ah me, what is a throne ?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but the music had a fall,
A melancholy windy fall as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept ;
My ladies loosed my golden chain ; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains whether they walked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on,
They burning sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon ;
They lit my shaded silver lamp and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said,
"Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread."

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,
Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark:
"There are families out grazing like cattle in the park."
"A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an ark."

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day;
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed with a weightier tramp;
Voices said, "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and stamp."

"Howl and stamp?" one answered. "They made free to hurl a stone
At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown."
"There's work, then, for the soldiers, for this rank crop must be
mown."

"One I saw a poor old fool with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread:
Then he dropped; when some one raised him, it turned out he was
dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh:
"If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff."
"While I've a loaf they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. The king: stand up. Said my father with a smile,
"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile;
She's sad to day, and who but you her sadness can beguile?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait
(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate),
Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of state:

Or shall my women stand and read some unimpassioned scene,
There 's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between ;
Or shall they merely fan me while I wait here for the queen ?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command :
" Charge ! " a clash of steel : " Charge again, the rebels stand.
Smite and spare not, hand to hand ; smite and spare not, hand to
hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher ;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire ;
I heard a cry for faggots, then I heard a yell for fire.

" Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with your
bread,

You who sat to see us starve," one shrieking woman said :

" Sit on your throne and roast with the crown upon your head."

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath ;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse the king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give ;
I, if I perish, perish ; they to-day shall eat and live ;
I, if I perish, perish : that 's the goal I half conceive :

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
I, if I perish, perish ; in the name of God I go. — ROSSETTI

67.

A SCENE FROM THE SHAUGHRAUN

NOTE. This scene introduces the following characters : Conn, the Shaughraun, a reckless, devil-may-care, true-hearted young vagabond, who is continually in a scrape from his desire to help a friend and his love for fun ; his mother, Mrs. O'Kelley ; his sweetheart, Moya Dolan, niece of the parish priest.

It is evening. Moya is alone in the kitchen. She has just put the kettle on the fire when Mrs. O'Kelley, Conn's mother, enters.

Mrs. O'Kelley. Is it yourself, Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been round this way.

Moya. Why should he be here, Mrs. O'Kelley? Has n't he a home of his own?

Mrs. O'Kelley. The Shebeen is his home when he is not in jail. His father died o' drink, and Conn will go the same way.

Moya. I thought your husband was drowned at sea.

Mrs. O'Kelley. And bless him, so he was.

Moya. Well, that 's a quare way o' dying o' drink.

Mrs. O'Kelley. The best of men he was, when he was sober — a betther never dhrawed the breath o' life.

Moya. But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O'Kelley. Niver! An' Conn takes afther him!

Moya. Mother, I 'm afeared I shall take afther Conn.

Mrs. O'Kelley. Heaven forbid, and purtect you agin him! You a good dacint gurl, and deserve the best of husbands.

Moya. Them 's the only ones that gets the worst. More betoken yoursilf, Mrs. O'Kelley.

Mrs. O'Kelley. Conn niver did an honest day's work in his life — but dhrinkin', an' fishin', an' shootin', an' sportin', and love-makin'.

Moya. Sure, that 's how the quality pass their lives.

Mrs. O'Kelley. That 's it. A poor man that sports the sowl of a gintleman is called a blackguard.

(At this moment Conn appears at the door)

Conn (at left). Some one is talking about me! Ah, Moya, darlin', come here. *(Business as if he reaches out his hands to Moya as he comes forward to meet her, and passes her over to his left so that he seems to stand in center between Moya on left and Mrs. O'Kelley on right.)* Was the old Mother thryin' to make little o' me? Don't you belave a word that comes out o' her! She's jealous o' me *(laughing as he shakes his finger at his mother)*. Yes, ye are! You're chokin' wid it this very minute! Oh, Moya, darlin', she's jealous to see my two arms about ye. But she's proud o' me. Oh, she's proud o' me as an old hin that 's got a duck for a chicken. Howld your whist now, Mother! Wipe your mouth and give me a kiss.

Mrs. O'Kelley. Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis have been in the cabin to-day about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

Conn. Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute.

Mrs. O'Kelley. But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'.

Conn. Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away with a man's character like this! Oh, Wurra! may I niver die in sin, but this was the way of it. I was standing by owld Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of the hounds coming across the tail of the bog, an' there they wore, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox ye ever seen a sailin' ahead of thim up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhab-itints out of the ground! Well, as I looked, who should come and put his head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a word I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the gravestones. When, whist! the fox went by us. I leapt upon the gate, an' gave a shriek of view-hallo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roaring past.

The mare lost her head entoirely and tore at the gate. "Stop," says I, "ye divil!" an' I slipt a taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now mind the cunnin' of the baste; she was quiet in a minute. "Come home, now," ses I, "aisy!" an' I threw my leg across her.

Be jabbers! No sooner was I on her back than — whoo! Holy Rocket! she was over the gate, an' tearin' afther the hounds like mad. "Yoicks!" ses I! "Come back you thafe of the world! where you takin' me through the huntin' field?" She landed me by the soide of the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself.

He turned the color of his leather breeches. "Mother o' Moses!" ses he. "Is that Conn, the Shaughraun, on my brown mare?"

"Bad luck to me!" ses I. "It's no one else!"

"You sthole my horse," ses the Squire.

"That's a lie!" ses I; "for it was your horse sthole me!"

Moya (laughing). And what did he say to that, Conn?

Conn. I could n't stop to hear, Moya, for just then we took a stone wall together an' I left him behind in the ditch.

Mrs. O'Kelley. You 'll get a month in jail for this.

Conn. It was worth it. — BOUCICAULT

68.

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signalled to the place,
 " Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
 Here 's the English can and will! " .

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 " Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass? "
 laughed they:
 " Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay! "

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a
way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!" cries Hervé
Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,

Up the English come — too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

Now hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

" This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing ! "

What a shout, and all one word,

" Hervé Riel ! "

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips :

You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue :

" Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run ? —

Since 't is ask and have, I may —

Since the others go ashore —

Come ! A good whole holiday !

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore ! "

That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the
 bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore !

BROWNING

69. FALSTAFF'S RECRUITS

NOTE. Sir John Falstaff has received a commission from the King to raise a company of soldiers to fight in the King's battles. After drafting a number of well-to-do farmers, who he knows will pay him snug sums of money rather than serve under him, he pockets their money and proceeds to fill his company from the riff-raff of the country through which he passes.

The scene is a village green before Justice Shallow's house. The Justice has received word from Sir John that he is about to visit him, and desires him to call together a number of the villagers from which recruits may be selected.

These villagers are now grouped upon the green, with Justice Shallow standing near.

Bardolph, Sir John Falstaff's corporal, enters and addresses Justice Shallow.

Bardolph. Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow ?

Shallow. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : what is your good pleasure with me ?

Bardolph. My captain, sir, commends him to you ; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shallow. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? . . .

Enter Falstaff

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Falstaff. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. . . . Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shallow. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Falstaff. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mouldy. Here, an't please you.

Shallow. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy. Yea, an't please you.

Falstaff. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shallow. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Falstaff. Yes, prick him.

Mouldy. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I. . . .

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Falstaff. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under. He's like to be a cold soldier.

Shallow. Where's Shadow?

Shadow. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shadow. My mother's son, sir.

Falstaff. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow. . . . Shadow will serve for summer; prick him. . . .

Shallow. Thomas Wart!

Falstaff. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Falstaff. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shallow. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Falstaff. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shallow. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Falstaff. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir. . . .

Falstaff. Well, good woman's tailor! wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Falstaff. Well said, good woman's tailor! Well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Falstaff. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. . . . Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Falstaff. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shallow. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Falstaff. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bullcalf. Here, sir.

Falstaff. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bullcalf. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Falstaff. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bullcalf. O Lord, sir! I'm a diseased man.

Falstaff. What disease hast thou?

Bullcalf. A terrible cold, sir, a cough, sir. . . .

Falstaff. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold. . . . Is here all?

Shallow. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Falstaff. Come, I will go drink with you. . . .

Exeunt Falstaff and Justice Shallow.

Bullcalf (approaching Bardolph). Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here 's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bardolph (pocketing the money). Go to; stand aside. . . .

Feeble. By my troth, I care not.

Adapted from SHAKESPEARE in "King Henry IV"

70.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges. . . .

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel. . . .

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. — TENNYSON

71. Herald of Burgundy, in God's name and the King's, I bid you go back to your master and say this: Kings are great in the eyes of their people, but the people are great in the eyes of God, and it is the people of France who answer you in the name of this epitome.

The people of France are not so poor in spirit that they fear the croak of the Burgundian ravens. We are well victualled, we are well armed; we lie snug and warm behind our stout walls. But when we who eat are hungry, when we who drink are dry, when there is neither bite on the board nor sup in the pitcher, our answer to rebellious Burgundy will be the same. We give you back defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow. This is our answer, this and the drawn sword. God and St. Denis for the King of France!

McCARTHY

72. Browning's description of the effect of the recital of classic poetry upon a band of piratical Greeks must seem to many persons to be exaggerated:

Then because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts are hearts,
And poetry is power, they all outbroke
In a great joyous laughter with much love.

Because Americans are Americans, and business is business, and time is money, and life is earnest, we take our poetry much more seriously than that. We are ready to form classes to study it and to discuss it, but those solemn assemblies are not likely to be disturbed by outbursts of "joyous laughter."

We usually accept poetry as mental discipline. It is as if the poet said, "Go to, now. I will produce a masterpiece." Thereupon the conscientious reader answers, "Very well; I can stand it. I will apply myself with all diligence, that by means of it I may improve my mind." But the real duty of the reader is suggested by these words: "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." There must be perfect reciprocity and fraternal feeling. The poet being human has his unhappy moments when all things are full of labor. Upon such hours the gentle reader does not intrude. In their happiest moments they meet as if by chance. In this encounter they are pleased with one another and the world they live in. How could it be otherwise? It is indeed a wonderful world transfigured in the light of thought. Familiar objects lose their sharp outlines and become symbols of universal realities. Likenesses, before unthought of, appear. Nature becomes a mirror

of the soul, and answers instantly to each passing mood. Words are no longer chosen, they are unbidden as the poet and his reader

mount to Paradise

By the stairway of surprise. — CROTHERS

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73.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. — NEWMAN

74.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee! — LONGFELLOW

75.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

STAVE THREE

Scrooge awoke in his own bedroom. There was no doubt of that. But it and his own adjoining sitting-room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, were brilliant with a great light, and in easy state upon a couch there sat a Giant glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in — come in! and know me better, man. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!

"Never."

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?

"I don't think I have. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of the torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his enormous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly

choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother! Hurrah, there's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!"

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, God bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming home from church," cried the two young Cratchits. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?"

"Not coming!"

"Not coming?"

"No!"

"Not coming upon Christmas day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold, and better!"

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

And now all set to work with a will to get dinner ready. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody. At last the dishes were set on and grace was

said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had n't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in the turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, — flushed but smiling proudly, — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

O, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Then all the family drew around

the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Scrooge raised his head speedily on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening.

"My dear, the children! Christmas day!"

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

The mention of the name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes. After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from mere relief.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling at his side, and looking at the same nephew.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it, too."

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly.

"He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always! He won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner!" said Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to be competent judges, because they had just had dinner, and were clustered round the fire by lamplight.

Then there was music, and after the music there were games, and Scrooge's nephew proposed a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what, he answering to their questions only yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited

from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and was n't made a show of, and was n't led by anybody, and did n't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last one cried out:

"I have found it! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is."

"What is it?"

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-ge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have drunk to the company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew, and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve and Scrooge was alone. He saw the Ghost no more.

Adapted from DICKENS

II. SPEECH RHYTHM

The nature of speech rhythm. Under normal conditions there is constant activity in the mind. This is the law of its life. Complete calm may come in sleep, but even this is doubtful. This activity, which manifests itself in many ways in expression, is characterized by a continual variation in quality and amount. In wakeful hours, at least, the senses are pouring experiences into the mind, of which some arouse one emotion, some another; and these varied emotions come to the surface again in the play of voice and

feature. As far as voice is concerned, this changing life of the mind reveals itself, as already shown, in melodic form and quality of tone. In searching for still further modifications of the vocal utterance which express this changeful life of the mind, read aloud the following :

1. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
Chorus. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! — BROWNING

2. God of our fathers, known of old —
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget ! — KIPLING

3. A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. — INGERSOLL

In vocal expression the logical significance of these selections must be largely brought out by the speech melody. The emotions, however, are only partially revealed by the melody and tonal quality. By way of testing this, read the first selection very slowly ; read the second with unusual rapidity ; as far as possible, keep the melody and quality normal. The reader must at once recognize that he is failing to catch the full spirit of the selections. This subtle something which depends upon the time taken in the utterance and responds to the thought and feeling is called speech rhythm. If now the third extract be read, a further difference in rhythm is found. For these two

kinds of rhythm we use the terms "poetry" and "prose" respectively. In the first and second extracts there is a studied attempt to mark off the words into divisions by accents which take about the same time for their utterance; in the third there is no such measured movement. The former may be said to have a rhythmic element and the latter a time element. The terms "absolute rhythm" and "sense rhythm" might be employed. The former is more or less artificial, the latter is natural. But poetry has both a rhythmic and a time element, — an absolute and a sense rhythm. Poetry is not well read when it is uttered altogether in absolute rhythm: this is scanning. Neither is it well read when the absolute rhythm is totally disregarded: this is to make it prose. But the voice should respond to the metric movement and to the natural rhythm of the thought and feeling. All literature has this sense rhythm, to which the voice should respond in what is called speech rhythm. The absolute rhythm of 1 and 2 above is somewhat similar; their speech rhythm is very different. The first is the prancing movement of a horse at full gallop, while the second is the solemn, slow movement of prayer. Read the first with a drawl and then with a quick, accented movement. The first rendering gives a picture of a cart horse, — a conception wholly at variance with the real picture; the second shows a decided gain over the first in the revelation of feeling. In the second selection a slow movement discloses a feeling of reverence and awe in approaching Deity. It is this modulation of the utterance in movement, — now rapid, now slow, partly occasioned by pauses, now long, now short, — which comes in response to thought and feeling, to which the name "speech rhythm" is given.

Universality of rhythm. Rhythm, as shown above, is the manner in which the movement takes place,—it is a mode of motion. "All motion is rhythmical," says Herbert Spencer. In nature the actions of objects in wind and water are rhythmical,—the fluttering of a flag, the swaying of grass and trees, the movements of a weed in running water. Heat, light, electricity, and sound are rhythmical modes of motion. Actions of the body are of the same nature. This rhythmical life of the body plays no unimportant part in the life of speech.

Body rhythms in speech. As already pointed out, the first form of public speech was communal. Dancing, singing, acting, or working in concert, the primitive community celebrated some festive occasion or accomplished some piece of work. As the singers or speakers danced together, they must keep time, and this time must be a rhythmic movement to which the human body can easily lend itself. This first speech, then, must have been rhythmical in form: it must have had divisions into feet to conform to action of actual feet, verses to conform to the actual *turns* (Latin *verto*) of the body, and stanzas or strophes to conform to the larger actions of the body. Here, probably, is the birthplace of absolute rhythm. It marks the difference between poetry and prose. This strict rhythm may be defined as "the quality of stimulation due to the production of a sound or movement, or a small group of sounds or movements, at equal intervals of time."¹ But body rhythms must to some degree affect the speech rhythms; the breathing, as well the action of the mind, plays a part in determining the place and nature of pauses, and so affects the whole movement in both prose and poetry.

¹ Gurney.

Prose rhythms. Before there was a communal song there was probably an individual song which inspired the former ; and as time went on the communal singing and acting combination gradually gave way to the singing, acting, or dancing by an individual who performed for the information or entertainment of his fellows. They may have joined in the chorus. Gradually, too, the singer, dancer, speaker, or worker became a distinct individual. With these changes the speaker was more and more freed from absolute rhythm, and the public utterance tended to become prose in form. But even to-day there is a tendency for a speaker and writer under emotional conditions to have quite a marked metrical movement. Contrast these two examples, the first from Webster, the second from Carlyle :

1. When my eyes
shall be turned
to behold,
for the last
time, the Sun
in heaven,
may I not
see him shining
on the broken
and dishonoured
fragments
of a once
glorious
Union.

2. O brother
we must
if pos-
sible
resus-
cite
some soul
and con-
science in us ;
exchange
our dil-
ettan-
teisms for
sincer-
ities ;
our hearts
of stone
for liv-
ing hearts
of flesh.

Here is a spontaneous, natural movement which is almost metric in character. In Webster there is an ecstasy of patriotic emotion. He is a great orator lifting his audience to lofty heights with pleasurable feelings. Carlyle, on the other hand, is in an exalted mood of devotion to duty. He is an aggressive teacher compelling acquiescence by the force of his logic. The former appeals to the imagination, the latter to the reason.

Meter. Absolute rhythm is metric; that is, each line, or verse, is divided into feet. The principal feet forms used are called iambus, trochee, dactyl, and anapest. In the first two there are two syllables, in the latter two there are three syllables, to the foot. In the iambus the accent or beat is on the second syllable. The word "begone'" is iambic. The verse of poetry which follows is iambic :

The mountains look on Marathon.

In the trochee the beat is on the first syllable. The word "tro'chee" is a trochee. Here is a verse of trochees :

Tell me not, in mournful numbers.

The accent in the dactyl comes on the first syllable. The word "an'apest" is a dactyl. This verse is dactylic :

Merrily, merrily, onward we go.

In the anapest the beat comes upon the last syllable. The word "interline'" is an anapest. Here is a verse with an anapestic movement :

There's a land that is fairer than day.

There are other metric forms, but they need not concern the reader now. Nor do the above forms particularly interest the student of vocal expression at any time, for

English, especially the more modern types, employs such a variety, even in the same stanza and sometimes in the same line, that the terms used above are losing much of their significance. Many writers on the subject have suggested that it would be more in keeping with the structure of our modern verse to use the terms two-beat and three-beat, etc., applied to the line. Professor Scripture quotes the following stanza from Kipling to illustrate this idea :

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each ;
This from her mountain side,
That from her burthened beach.

It is much simpler to call this sort of verse three-beat than to attempt to apply one of the "classic" terms named above. But from the standpoint of vocal expression the important thing is not to find the most complete terminology but rather to feel the movement and yield to it in the vocal utterance.

Phrasing. Speech melody is most essential in revealing intellectual concepts ; yet it also plays its part in expressing emotion. In like manner speech quality manifests the presence or the absence of emotion, essentially intellectual utterances finding expression in a nonemotional quality of voice. In the speech tune each modulation has a part to play, and the time element marks off the tune into periods of longer or shorter duration. As already shown, these divisions correspond to the powers of body and of mind, and are indicated in good reading by what are called phrases. Correct phrasing is a most important process in conveying intellectual concepts.

Mind and speech rhythm. The really important thing, then, is to sense the movement in time, to recognize it, to respond to it, and to so interpret it that the reader may feel not only the absolute rhythm, where that exists, but the still subtler element, the free rhythm of thought and feeling which no absolute metric formula can convey, and which is common to both prose and poetry. Movement, with its pauses, then, like the other vocal modulations already considered, is the expressive means for the revelation of thought and feeling. Under normal conditions slow movement and long pauses may be marks of serious and dignified mental states; otherwise they may be evidences of stupidity and dullness and may degenerate into pulseless hesitation. On the other hand, under normal conditions rapid movement with short pauses may be a mark of intense activity; otherwise it may be just as sure an indication of shallowness and triviality.

Faults in speech rhythm. Variety in its activities marks the state of the normal mind. The utterance, then, of such mental states must show great rhythmic variety. As already pointed out, the greatest fault in speech melody is monopitch; in speech quality, monotone. Following, in the case of speech rhythm, an analogous line of reasoning, the most serious fault in speech rhythm must be monometer; that is, giving with one stolid movement in utterance the varied thought and feeling of a speech, or of a specific selection in reading. This constant repetition in time, like the repetition in form, is sometimes called singsong. If variety be the spice of literature or any other form of normal human life, variety in every phase of vocal expression is inevitable. Nearly all persons read and speak too fast. This is only another way of saying that they do

not fully grasp the thought. The common practice in colleges of presenting an "oration" learned "by heart" leads to a defective movement. The student becomes so familiar with the words of his discourse that it tends to become a matter of external forms rather than a matter of ideas. The movement is monometric. Ideas which originally came from hours of toilsome thinking glide from the tongue as glibly as the everyday greeting of friends on the street. A long pause, under normal conditions, indicates that the mind is at work accumulating the thought and feeling which demand utterance. The weightier the thought, other things being equal, the longer the pause. The lack of pause would indicate that the student is not thinking. The timing in debate leads the student to overcrowd the precious moments with material which must be rushed along at a high rate of speed, destroying the possibility of a proper proportion in the time of the utterance. In both oratory and debate, as at present conducted in colleges and universities, the hearer is liable to get no stronger grasp upon the thought than the speaker seems to have.

Teaching of speech rhythm. The teaching of speech rhythm, like the teaching of speech forms and speech qualities, must be for the most part the teaching to think and to feel. Power in an art is gained only by doing, and the doing is determined by the mind behind it. Accurate knowledge of the processes of speech may actually hinder the student in reading and speaking, especially if the knowledge has been acquired in the wrong way, — if, in other words, the attention of the reader is centered upon the outward forms of the utterance, to the loss of a thorough stimulation of the mind.

The study of any modulation involves the use of every other modulation of the voice. Each phase of vocal expression is best studied by an attempt at expression. In every case there should be a response to thought and feeling. Literature abounds in these contrasts, which find external being in contrasts of movement. Let the learner seek two short selections showing a marked contrast in movement, or a single selection in which there is a strong antithesis. Let him turn once more to the Webster peroration and discover what effect the contrasts there have upon the action in speech rhythm.

Voice training for speech rhythm. It has been pointed out that range of voice is essential to good vocal action in speech melody and that resonance of voice must be sought to secure proper exercise to create vocal quality in the study of speech quality; in like manner, to bring about a correct vocal action to secure the best possible results in speech rhythm, agility of voice is of the highest importance. There must be the utmost freedom of the tone passage to provide a quick and full response to the thought and feeling. An open passage with agility of tongue is absolutely essential. The great fault with the "American voice" is that it is restricted in the passage through the mouth and throat. Nasality and throatiness are too common. The fixing of the jaw and the lazy action of the tongue are responsible for much of this faulty action.

Summary. Speech rhythm is the department of vocal expression which treats of the action of the vocal utterance in time in response to thought and feeling. As an element of vocal expression it is the response of the vocal utterance in movement and pause to the thought and feeling. There are two kinds of rhythm : absolute and sense.

The former finds expression in meter and is essential to poetry. The latter is free from artificial demands and is characteristic of prose. Speech rhythm serves, like speech quality and speech melody, as a test of emotional conditions of the speaker or reader. To develop speech rhythm to its fullest manifestation there must be cultivation of agility in vocal action and a free normal action of the mind.

III. VOCAL PROGRAM

Speech dynamics. The student and reader who has consistently followed instructions up to this point has reached a place where little remains to be done except putting on "the finishing touches." He should have so mastered the preliminary steps that he can easily control his voice in both quality and quantity. Power up to the limits of his possibilities should be his to use at will. Vocal action should be spontaneous and free. Well-controlled power with ease of adjustment is usually the last thing to be acquired. But such artistic excellence comes only to the student who has a keen appreciation of goodness, truth, and beauty. A highly developed taste and a refinement of expression are inseparably linked together.

To secure volume of tone with adequate power to make it large or small as thought and feeling require is an acquirement of the most valuable sort. Constant, correct practice is the prime essential. Says Henry Ward Beecher: "The only method of acquiring effective elocution is by practice, of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued and trained to right expression."

Most of the technical exercises already given are a direct aid in the development of a proper quantity of tone

and a sensitive response in touch, so that the student would find it profitable at this point to review the whole series of exercises already offered and spend some time in reading aloud such selections as the following :

A. Advance, then, the future generations ! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence.

B. Arm ! Arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

C. O Thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;
Thou only God ! There is no God beside.

D. So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! — SCOTT

E. Which is the real hereditary sin of humanity ? Do you imagine that I shall say pride, or luxury, or ambition ? No ! I shall say indolence. He who conquers that, can conquer all.

F. Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall.

G. Under me the grass,
Over me the sky ;
I can sleep and dream until
The night goes by :
Till the shadows pass,
Till the stars depart,
Let a roving gypsy fill
His hungry heart.

H. A clear mind and a stiff backbone ! The country is full of them. They are to be found wherever wealth and power have their abode. They make successful men, but it is being proved daily that they do not necessarily make good citizens. It is the warm heart we

need more in our national life. Sympathy, humanitarianism, patriotism, honesty. These are the attributes of the warm heart. To suggest that the school children of the country be taught to regard them as things that should be shunned is a serious mistake.

Practice the following selections under the exercises for promoting speech dynamics : numbers 3, 6, 7, 12, 14, 15, 16, 24, and 27.

CHAPTER V

SPEECH DYNAMICS

I. PRACTICAL EXERCISES

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. — SHAKESPEARE
2. The trumpet sounded short and sharp. Forth
from each stall, like missiles in a volley
from so many great guns, rushed the six
fours; and up the vast assembly arose, elec-
trified and irrepressible, and leaping upon the
benches, filled the circus and the air
above it with yells and screams. — WALLACE
3. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! . . .
Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
SHAKESPEARE
4. Oh! show me where is He,
The high and Holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, — "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise
And lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?

Oh! teach me who is God, and where His glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

Gaze on that arch above;
The glittering vault admire,
Who taught those orbs to move?
Who lit their ceaseless fire?
Who guides the moon to run
In silence through the skies?
Who bids that dawning sun
In strength and beauty rise?

Their view immensity! Behold! my God is there;
The sun, the moon, the stars, His majesty declare.

5. *Katharine.* I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth. — SHAKESPEARE

6. Hush! silence along the lines there! Silence along the lines
there! Not a word — not a word on the peril of your lives!

LIPPARD

7. *Marcellus.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Horatio. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus.

Question it, Horatio.

Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost*]

Marcellus. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you on 't? — SHAKESPEARE

8. Cursed be my tribe, if I forgive him!

9. O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in 'the
market-place. — SHAKESPEARE

10. *Gloucester.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloucester. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys. . . .

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness. — SHAKESPEARE

11. I have thus far shown, from the gentleman's own arguments,
that the doctrine advanced by him is not at present received:—that it
never was received: that it can never by any possibility be received:
and that, if admitted, it must be by the total subversion of liberty
itself!

12. Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, .

A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink; —

The same old story; you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features, —
 You need n't laugh, sir; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:

I was one of your handsome men! — TROWBRIDGE

13. Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: No father's kiss for me — the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son. — TENNYSON

14. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! They come!
 They come!" — BYRON

15. Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho! scatter
 flowers, fair maids:
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho! gallants, draw your
 blades.

16. A CURE-ALL

Feeling pretty blue, you say?
 Ha! ha! ha!
 Things went wrong with you to-day?
 Ha! ha! ha!

One would think, to see you frown,
All the troubles in the town
Clung to you and weighed you down.
Ha! ha! ha!

Come now, mister, don't get mad.
Ha! ha! ha!
I ain't laughin' cause you 're sad.
Ha! ha! ha!
I 've had troubles, too, to-day —
Bad as yours, I 'll bet — but, say,
I 'm a drivin' 'em away.
Ha! ha! ha!

Grandest tonic on this earth —
Ha! ha! ha!
Is a steady dose of mirth.
Ha! ha! ha!
Just you get a strangle hold
On your cares and knock 'em cold
With a hearty, merry, old
Ha! ha! ha!

Catholic Standard and Times

17. O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May fairer, brighter be.
- O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;

I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. — MATHESON

18. Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! — And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. — And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls — the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee — it is rising from the earth to heaven — the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony! — IRVING

19. HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Ye Ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ? —
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,

Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God ! — COLERIDGE

20. "Wal naow, Horace, don't ye cry so. Why, I'm raily concerned for ye. Why, don't you s'pose your daddy's better off? Why, sartin I do. Don't cry, there's a good boy now. I'll give ye my jack-knife now."

This was addressed to me the day after my father's death, while the preparations for the funeral hung like a pall over the house. The speaker was a tall, shambling, loose-jointed man, who occupied the responsible position of first do-nothing-in-ordinary in our village of Oldtown. Sam had been up all night in our house, and having set me up in the clover, and comforted me with a jack-knife, he proceeded to inform me of the particulars.

"Why, ye see, Horace, I ben up with 'em pretty much all night; and I laid yer father out myself, and I never see a better-lookin' corpse. It's a 'mazin' pity your daddy hed such feelin's 'bout havin' people come to look at him. Why, you never see such a talk as there was about it. There was Betsey and Patsy Sawin come over early to look at the corpse, and when they was n't let in, you never heerd sich a jawin'. They said they allers suspected your father was an infidel, or some sich, and now they was clear."

"My father is n't an infidel, and I wish I could kill 'em!"

"Wal now, Horace, your daddy looks jest as peaceful as a psalm-tune. Now, you don't know—jest as nateral as if he'd only jest gone to sleep. So ye may set your heart at rest 'bout him." Sam lay back in the clover, with his hands under his head, and began to moralize:

"Lordy massy, Horace, to think on 't—it's so kind o' solemnizin! It's one's turn to-day, and another's to-morrow. We never know when our turn 'll come." And Sam raised a favorite stave,—

And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moulderin' in the clay?

"Active limbs! I guess so! Well, I've found you at last. Here you be, Sam Lawson, lyin' flat on your back at eleven o'clock in the morning, and not a potato dug, and not a stick of wood cut to get dinner with; and I won't cut no more if we never have dinner. The more I do, the more I may do; so come home, won't you?"

"Hepsy, I was jest a miditatin'. Ef we don't miditate sometimes on all these 'ere things, it 'll be wus for us by and by."

"Meditate! I'll help your meditations in a way you won't like, if you don't look out. So now you come home, and stop your meditating, and go to doin' somethin'," said the very practical Hepsy, laying firm hold of Sam's unresisting arm, and leading him away captive.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE in "Oldtown Folks."

21. Centuries ago, on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts Bay, one night there was a wedding. The sky was the roof that covered the high contracting parties, and the stars, painted by the finger of God, were the fresco-work; the music was that of the singing night-bird and the surge of the gray old ocean; the bidden guests were the Puritan fathers and the Puritan mothers; the unbidden guests were the dusky savages; the bride and the bridegroom were the meeting-house and the schoolhouse, and from that marriage was born a child. They christened it New England Civilization. New England Civilization, inspired by the Bible and the school book, what a power it has been in this Republic! New England Civilization, the only power that dared to cry halt to advancing barbarism; that said to slavery, "Thus far and no farther forever," and when in its insolence it overstepped the bounds, seized it by the throat and throttled it to the death! New England Civilization, the inspiration of every great enterprise, of every marvelous invention, of every forward and upward move of man and mind. New England Civilization, that living spirit which opened up to every boy such splendid opportunities, such glittering possibilities; that raised a ladder, its base on the earth, its top in heaven, and encouraged the barefooted boy of the West to mount by the round of the canal-boat, by the round of the academy, by the round of the college, by the round of the teacher's desk, by the round of the war for equal rights, by the round of the House of Representatives, by the round of the Senate, by the round of the Presidency, by the round of a perfect life, a patient sickness and heroic death, to a place in heaven by the side of Washington and Lincoln. Religion and education, love of God and regard for man, — this is the secret of New England's strength in the nation.

FRYE

22. "I shall say, 'Are you ready?' once; and then, if I hear no reply, I shall say, 'Go!'" The referee's voice sounds hollow and harsh through the megaphone.

I take one last glance over my shoulder at the other crews. They are both set, vindictive, and strong, coiled beautifully with power to spring. The challenge of their attitude sets my teeth, and as I turn my blade square and deep in the water, and feel it snug against the thole-pin, with a tight grip of both hands for the wrench, the intolerable and consuming nervousness of the past hours goes from me. I am conscious only of a tingling in my temples, and a sense of a great clearness somewhere above and before my eyes. Then like the voice of Fate, — "Gentlemen, are you ready?" — I know nothing but the nape of 4's neck.

"Go!"

Harvard Advocate

23. But have we finished the fight? May we lay the armor off and hang the sword on its peg? "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty?" For a century we were sluggards, seemed to sleep, and barbarism grew stronger and stronger until we awoke, then it slunk back. Dead? No, only waiting for its opportunity. There is an old story of a giant who had lived for fifty years a cruel, wicked life, then repented, and, to do works meet for repentance, built him a little hut by the side of a broad, bridgeless river, and carried every passing traveler across the stream on his shoulders. One dark, tempestuous night a child knocked at his door, and asked to be carried over. The giant took him on his broad shoulders, nothing but a feather's weight to him, marched out boldly into the darkness and the stream; but as he marched on the burden grew heavy and heavier, until at last it seemed to him that he and his burden must sink forever beneath the terrible waves. Of a sudden he looked and found that he was bearing the Christ Child; immediately he received Christ's strength, and bore him safely to the other shore. From that day he has been known as St. Christopher, the Christ-bearer. Now we took this blessed Republic upon our strong shoulders, agreeing to carry it in honor and safety, through peace and war, through prosperity and adversity, through brightness and darkness, through calm and tempest. To us it was a mere feather's weight, and we boldly bore it along; but it grew heavy and heavier, until right in the darkness and tempest of terrible civil war it seemed to us that we and the Republic must sink forever beneath the waves. Then, and for the first time, in the Proclamation of Emancipation by the immortal Lincoln, we looked

up, found that we were carrying, not slavery, but justice, freedom, equal rights, all of them children of Christ; and immediately we received his strength, and have been nobly bearing our burden on towards safety. The haven has not yet been reached. By demands of business, by forgetfulness of history, by appeals for conciliation, by necessities of parties, by weariness of strife, by every temptation, we are enticed once more to look down.

Sons of New England, look not down; it is full of deadly peril. Stand on the watchtowers of civilization, and ceaselessly cry out to the people, "Oh, look not down!" Sons of New England, in pulpit, at teacher's desk, in professor's chair, in the halls of Congress, on the bench, in the counting-room, in the shop, by the loom, on the farm, wherever you may be, at home or abroad, in the name of your fathers' God, for the sake of the precious Republic, cry out to the people, "Look up, look up!" and looking up, they will ever see that they are bearing a Republic, founded in justice, liberty, and equal rights. Seeing and remembering, they will have God's help, and our country shall be saved. — FRYE

24. Fool! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and black lead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable but the truest of truths: the paper tablets thou canst burn; of the iron leaf there is no burning. Truly if we can permit God Almighty to note down our conversation, thinking it good enough for him, — any poor Boswell need not scruple to work his will of it. — CARLYLE

25. In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fernleaf, green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low.
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday. — BRANCH

26. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the Sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. . . . My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and *Independence for ever*. — WEBSTER

27. The period of our time is brief:
 'T is the red of the red rose leaf,
 'T is the gold of the sunset sky,
 'T is the flight of a bird on high,
 But we may fill the space
 With such an infinite grace
 That the red will vein all time,
 And gold through the ages shine,
 And the bird fly swift and straight
 To the portals of God's own gate.

28. Sire, I am only a woman, and have no claim on your Majesty's attention except that of the weakest on the strongest. Probably my very name as the wife of an English poet, and as named itself a little among English poets, is unknown to your Majesty. I never approached my own sovereign with a petition, nor am I skilled in the way of addressing kings. Yet having, through a studious and thoughtful life, grown used to great men (among the dead, at least) I cannot feel entirely at a loss in speaking to the Emperor Napoleon. And I beseech you to have patience with me while I supplicate you. It is not for myself nor for mine.

I have been reading with wet eyes and a swelling heart (as many who love and some who hate your Majesty have lately done) a book

called the Contemplations of a man who has sinned deeply against you in certain of his political writings, and who expiates rash phrases and unjustifiable statements in exile in Jersey. I have no personal knowledge of this man; I never saw his face; and certainly I do not come now to make his apology. It is indeed precisely because he cannot be excused that I think he might worthily be forgiven. For this man, whatever else he is not, is a great poet of France, and the Emperor, who is the guardian of her other glories, should remember him. Ah, Sire, what was written on Napoleon le Petit does not touch your Majesty; but what touches you is, that no historian of the age should have to write hereafter, "while Napoleon III reigned, Victor Hugo lived in exile." What touches you is, that when your people count gratefully the men of commerce, arms, and science secured to you by France, no voice shall murmur, "But where is our poet?" What touches you is, that however statesman and politician may justify his exclusion, it may draw no sigh from men of sentiment and impulse, yes, and from women like myself. What touches you is, that when your own beloved young prince shall come to read these poems (and when you wish him a princely nature, you wish, Sire, that such things should move him) he may exult to recall that his imperial father was great enough to overcome this great poet with magnanimity.

Ah, Sire, you are great enough! You can allow for the peculiarity of the poetical temperament, for the temptations of high gifts, for the fever in which poets are apt to rage and suffer beyond the measure of other men. Forgive this enemy, this accuser, this traducer. Disprove him by your generosity. Make an exception of him, as God made an exception of him when He gave him genius, and call him back without condition to his country and his daughter's grave. I have written these words without the knowledge of any. Naturally I should have preferred, as a woman, to have addressed them through the tender-hearted Empress Eugénie; but, as a wife myself, I felt it would be harder for her Majesty to pardon an offense against the Emperor Napoleon, than it could be for the Emperor.

And I am driven by an irresistible impulse to your Majesty's feet to ask this grace. It is a woman's voice, Sire, which dares to utter what many yearn for in silence. I have believed in Napoleon III. Passionately loving the democracy, I have understood from the

beginning that it was to be served thro'out Europe in you and by you. I have trusted you for doing greatly. I will trust you, besides, for pardoning nobly. You will be Napoleon in this also.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

29. Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing, — a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing in the world, — to govern itself.

That hour in human life is most serious when it passes from parental control into free manhood; then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading strings of prescriptive authority and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church, must be built there to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon — not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crisis of human affairs, — there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up, to be advanced, to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom. In the universe there is no trust so awful as moral freedom; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or at least from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it? — God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey Him; he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not compel man to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it, but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to the man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous

prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles and pours out its blood upon its country's altar,—the heroism of renunciation and self-control.

Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sidney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it! Come that liberty! Come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, and iron law, but of painful restriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will,—the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience! — DEWEY

30. In the name of all real manful democracy, in the name of the true strength that only can make our republic reputable among the nations, let us repudiate the strength that is no stronger than a human biceps; let us repudiate the manfulness that averages no more than six feet high. My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth, and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, he shall be taller than the great redwoods of California; his height shall be the height of a great resolution, and love and faith and beauty and knowledge and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars.

LANIER

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers

31. And now before the open door —
 The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang thro' the chapel, o'er and o'er;
 Its long reverberating blow
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,

Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before;
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was "*War! War! War!*" — READ

32. While the heart beats young! Oh, the splendor of the spring,
 With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!
 The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom time of May
 Is not so sweet a season as the season of to-day,
 While the youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close
 caressed,
 As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and
 breast;
 Our bare feet in the meadows and our fancies up among
 The airy clouds of morning — while the heart beats young:

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

33. What I want to do is to put definitely before you a cause for
 which to strive: that cause is the Democracy of Art, the ennobling of
 daily and common work, which will one day put hope and pleasure
 in the place of fear and pain, as the forces which move men to labor
 and keep the world a-going. — WILLIAM MORRIS

34.

LOOK WITHOUT

Behold the beauty of the day, the shout
 Of color to glad color, — rocks and trees,
 And sun and sea, and wind and sky! All these
 Are God's expression, art work of his hand,
 Which men must love, ere they can understand.

RICHARD HOVEY

35. Search creation round, where can you find a country that
 presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? Who shall
 say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed
 her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes the Old
 World may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp

of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New ! When its temples and trophies shall have mouldered into dust — when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song, philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

36. Gloriously, Max, gloriously ! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone ; the start was a picture — away we went in a cloud — pell-mell — helter-skelter — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them, — first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug — Kitty skimmed the walls — Blueskin flew over the fences — the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run. At last the colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves — she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time I gave Blueskin his head — Ha, ha ! Away he flew like a thunderbolt — over went the filly — I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

37. Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies ;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea. — LOWELL

38. Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which hang a nation's hopes and fears ? You are ? then beware of your decision ! By all you hold most dear, — by all

the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, — I warn you, — I implore you, — yea, on my bended knees I supplicate you, — reject not this bill!

LORD BROUGHAM

39. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances :
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help :
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
 " Shylock, we would have moneys " : you say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say
 " Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? "

SHAKESPEARE

40.

FILIAL PIETY

Filial love — the morality, the instinct, the sacrament of nature — a duty ; or, rather let me say, it is miscalled a duty, for it flows from the heart without effort — its delight — its indulgence — its enjoyment ! It is guided not by the slow dictates of reason ; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought ; it asks no aid of memory ; it is innate but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand solitudes, a thousand waking, watchful cares, of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. It is gratitude founded upon a conviction of obligations not remembered, but the more binding because not remembered, because conferred before the tender reason could acknowledge or the infant memory record them — a gratitude and affection which no circumstances should subdue, and which few can strengthen — a

gratitude in which even injury from the object, though it may blend regret, should never breed resentment — and affection which can be increased only by the decay of those to whom we owe it — then most fervent when the tremulous voice of age, resisting in its feebleness, inquires for the natural protectors of its cold decline.

41. And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! . . . I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on her ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of Jove is on thee — a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea. — KELLOGG

42. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just? If unjust it will not and cannot get harbor for itself, or continue to get footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it Away, away! Does it take no warning; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery parks? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing, for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while; but it has One enemy who is Almighty: dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be. — CARLYLE

43. In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and

judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool has said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory in behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, — all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all, forever. What kind of success is that?

It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to heaven for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left and the ignoble, by some kind, severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The heaviest, sinking through complex media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your Heaviest ascends!" — but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as it is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His might and his right, at the

close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a God's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said: "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of nature's own laws, coöperates with the World's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The dust of controversy, what is it but the falsehood flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind, — that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies; their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully coöperating England may arise. Seek through the universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the World; and will last with the World and longer.

CARLYLE

44. Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. — PHILLIPS

45.

MY TALENT

I have a talent. What is it? Let me unroll the napkin and look at it.

Before we can truly live, we must study out our peculiar power or gift. Cultivate self, for to neglect self is real selfishness. To cultivate self is selfhood.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Are you asking, "How can I know my aptitude?" I answer, Stand off and watch yourself. A blacksmith watched himself and found that he had a quick eye for color. Soon he was earning double wages by sharpening drills for quarrymen. A clerk watched himself. He found he had a delicate sense of touch in woolen goods, and soon he was making his fortune as a buyer of woolens. A surgeon watched himself. He found he had a peculiarly sensitive finger. Soon he became an expert in diagnosis through the sense of touch. These were not accidents. Many a person has a sense of color, of touch, of proportion, of time, yet will always be "bound in shallows and in miseries," because he never discovers and uses that peculiar gift.

Shame on the youth who in this golden age refuses to be the Columbus of his own resources! If Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind, could discover herself, why not every one? There is but one obstacle.

Every one of sound mind and heart is in demand. He who mopes and whines, accusing the rich of cheating him out of a living, is a disgrace to society. Energy and determination count for as much to-day as ever. Every one has a chance. The will is still master.

The next time you hear a Beethoven symphony, remember that its author was deaf when he wrote it. When you pass a statue of Franklin, remember he was once a poor printer's devil whose highest luxury was to eat a penny roll on the streets of Philadelphia.

The trouble with this age is that knowledge comes too easily. We do not have to hammer out our destiny upon the forge of adversity. How did you learn your multiplication table? As Biddle did with peas and marbles and a bag of shot, till he learned it up to a million?

As Murray did, who made a pen for himself out of a stem of heather, sharpened it in the fire, and used a worn-out wool card for a copybook?

Go back a hundred years to Glasgow and watch the glover's apprentice at night, too poor to buy a candle, standing reading in the street by the light in a shop window. Out goes the light. He moves to another window. Out goes the light. He moves to another window. He is driven from window to window until all the shop-keepers are in bed. Then he climbs a lamp-post, holding on with one hand while he grasps his book with the other. That boy becomes the greatest scholar in Scotland. Remember that.

Remember, nothing can stand before him who knows his powers and sharpens them as best he can.

A craven hung along the battle's edge
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
 That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
 Blunt thing!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,
 And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
 Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

COCHRAN in *The Young People's Weekly*

46.

A LAUGHING CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whispering to and fro.
 And "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked;
 "'T is time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low

From the millions of flowers under the ground —
 Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the crocus said,
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing."

And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,

"My silver and gold I'll bring."

And the violet only murmured, "I'm here,"

And sweet grew the breath of spring.

Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came

Of laughter sweet and low

From the millions of flowers under the ground —

Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,

Imprisoned in walls of brown,

They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud,

And the sleet and the hail came down,

But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,

Or fashioned her beautiful crown;

And now they are coming to brighten the world,

Still shadowed by winter's frown;

And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"

In a chorus soft and low,

The millions of flowers hid under the ground —

Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

From "Nature in Verse"

Silver, Burdett and Company, Publishers

47.

The year's at the spring

And day's at the morn;

Morning's at seven;

The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;

The snail's on the thorn:

God's in his heaven —

All's right with the world!

BROWNING in "Pippa Passes"

48. Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower ! — BROWNING
49. Day !
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last :
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)

One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
 (Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
 — My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
 Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

BROWNING in "Pippa Passes"

50.

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE

NOTE. From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife.

How often in the summer tide,
 His graver business set aside,
 Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
 As the pipe of Pan
 Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
 Across the fields to Anne.

It must have been a merry mile,
 This summer-stroll by hedge and stile,
 With sweet foreknowledge all the while
 How sure the pathway ran
 To dear delights of kiss and smile,
 Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
 I wot, they let him go his way,
 Nor once looked up as who should say,
 "It is a seemly man."

For many lads went wooing aye
 Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look;
 Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
 "The world by him shall yet be shook,
 It is in nature's plan;

Though now he fleets like any rook
 Across the fields to Anne.

And I am sure, that on some hour
 Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and shower,
 He stooped and broke a daisy-flower

With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.
While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihedde,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne.
The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne. — RICHARD BURTON

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51.

GREEN THINGS GROWING

The green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing,
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Of the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so — my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

And in the rich store of their blossoms glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will it may be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing,
 Sleep out of sight awhile, like the green things growing,
 Though dust to dust return, I think I'll scarcely mourn,
 If I may change into green things growing. — CRAIK

52.

ELOQUENCE

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, native, original force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, — it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action. — WEBSTER

53.

A DAY IN JUNE

Just a simple day in June!
 Heart and hope and heaven in tune.

Life a lute-string throbbing low ;
Death, so far, none ever know ;
And a mind that drinks delight
From each bloom and sunbeam bright.
In the soul a peace so vast
All the irksome ills that pain,
All the taints of greedy gain,
All the sins that burn and stain,
There to sleep till they shall wake
When some dark to-morrow break.
Woods alive with wooing song,
Where the shadows linger long ;
Fields awake with waving grain,
Where the sunlight long has lain ;
Home and roadway, stream and sky,
Showing somehow love is nigh,
And the heart so full and free,
Naught there seems save liberty,
All things breathing forth the boon
Of a simple day in June.

C. W. STEVENSON in the *Outing Magazine*

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54.

THE RHODORA

(On being asked, Whence is this flower?)

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook :
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew;
 But in my simple ignorance; suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me there brought
 you.

EMERSON

55.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word :
What shall we do when hope is gone ? ”
The words leapt like a leaping sword :
“ Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on ! ”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights ! And then a speck —
A light ! A light ! A light ! A light !
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled !
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world ; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson : “ On ! sail on ! ”

JOAQUIN MILLER

Published by the Whitaker Ray Company, San Francisco

56.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Leodogran, the king of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child ;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land ;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less. . . .

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast ;
So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King. . . .

Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere ;
And thinking as he rode, " Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king? . . .

" But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live." . . .

When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him, that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star. . . .

But the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood threw the kings. . . .
So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord. . . .

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
Sir Bedivere to King Leodogran,
Saying, " If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
Debating — " How should I that am a king,
However much he help me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,

" And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
 And hundred winters are but as the hands
 Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
 Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
 She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
 Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
 Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
 Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
 But there was heard among the holy hymns
 A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
 Down in a deep; calm, whatsoever storms
 May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
 Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord." . . .

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
 To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,
 Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
 "The swallow and the swift are near akin,
 But thou art closer to this noble prince,
 Being his own dear sister." . . .

"What know I?
 For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
 And dark in hair and eyes am I; . . .
 . . . yea and dark was Uther too,
 Wellnigh to blackness; but this King is fair
 Beyond the race of Britons and of men. . . .

"But let me tell thee now another tale:
 . . . on the night
 When Uther in Tintagil past away
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, Merlin
 Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe, . . .
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
 It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
 A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,
 And gone as soon as seen. . . . :

He watch'd the great sea fall,
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,

Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, "The King!" . . .
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars: "And this same child," he said,
"Is he who reigns." . . .

And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack: but now,
This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's heir, your king,"
A hundred voices cried, "Away with him!
No king of ours!" . . .

Yet Merlin thro' his craft,
And while the people clamour'd for a king,
Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war.

. . . and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, . . .
Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king.

. . . King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing "Shall I answer yea or nay?"
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,

In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker ; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice ; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, " No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours " ;
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent . . .
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honour'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen ; — and watch'd him from the gates :
And Lancelot past away among the flowers,
(For then was latter April) and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love :
And Arthur said, " Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death ! "
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
" King and my lord, I love thee to the death ! "
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,

"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!" . . .
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — 'Let the King reign.'

"Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battleaxe and flash brand! Let the King reign. . . .

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign. . . .

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign." . . .

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

Adapted from TENNYSON in "Idylls of the King"

(Arrangement used in the Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word)

57. "THE YOUNG LAWYER"¹

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies, Fellow Practitioners, and Young Lawyers: I feel that I need no introduction to the lawyers of America. In this distinguished company I feel assured that I do not speak in a stranger's voice — but in my own. For many years my name has been a household word — among the members of my own family. Whether the premonitory rumbles of coming greatness have prevented me here, I know not. In my own state I am not known solely as a lawyer. My fame is also titular: I am called "judge" by the obsequious office boy, and by the janitor — "where thrift may follow fawning." But my preëminence rests on no firmer foundation than authorship of a work upon an important legal subject. And in justice to myself and my state I must say that I owe my juristic rank, and such name and fame as I bear, to my "domestic relations."

It would be superfluous for me to say that this is the happiest moment of my life, because it is — not. After-dinner speaking is an effort to appear at ease and happy, though fearful and tumultuous. It is, indeed, an unusual accomplishment. It is the *patti-de-foi-gras* of oratory, — a conditional rather than a normal mode of expression. The archetype of the art is the impromptu speech. It is often an unplumed squab for flight, and heavy with "the stuff that dreams are made of" — the art that's long when time is fleeing. It attains its perfection *ex post facto*, or retroactively; that is, after the banquet hall's deserted, and the speaker is homeward bound alone. How pregnant then and cheerful are the words of philosophy: Sweet are the uses of — retrospection.

Upon this occasion I urge no claim to off-hand powers of eloquence. I cannot say, and it would be vain for me to assert, that this is an extemporaneous effort. The weight of internal evidence would crush the contention; and the faithful years of laborious preparation would shrink aghast at such wild asseveration, and put to shame my base ingratitude. On the contrary, behold in me the sophomoric apostle of the midnight oil — a sedentary sacrifice to a young life's masterpiece!

¹ An after-dinner speech delivered at the dinner of the American Bar Association, 1906.

From the lawyers of Texas I come — unarmed — bringing to you the message of civilization. Without hope of reward, and without fear of recognition, I have come to lend the charm of high professional character, and impart tone to this meeting. It is not to me, however, that your thanks are due for my presence here. It was my brethren of the bar that sent me on this mission, conscious of its perils. I will not shield them. It was they that did command and hasten my departure hither, with the classic Spartan adjuration, Go; come back with your nerve, or on it!

Gentlemen, I am a modest man, as all men are that say they are. And my chief characteristic, aside from physical pulchritude, is candor; that is, I am a blunt man even to the point of dullness. Yet I clearly see that there is a duty devolving upon those of us who have attained the heights, to cast benign glances upon the young lawyers struggling in the valley below. For at last the young lawyer is the hope of the profession, as he is the despair of the trial judge.

This evening I shall not shirk my grave responsibility. I shall "a round unvarnished tale deliver," concretely presenting the subject in static and dynamic aspects, and undertaking to impress upon the young lawyers the lessons to be drawn from the careers of the eminent men who adorn our profession. And this notwithstanding the fact that I must speak of myself, — a part of my practice which I have always had the tenacity and good fortune to hold.

From childhood my favorite form of composition has been autobiography. I despise shams and pretenses. A man should be what he is, and say what he is. I do not pretend to be a great lawyer — I am! Is it come to pass, forsooth, that greatness is a mockery? In these untoward days must we needs forswear our fundamental convictions? Not I, gentlemen. My position is sustained by the highest authority in the land. Without specific citation I refer you to my own edition of "Parents' Reports" for the leading case upon which I rely, styled "Our boy against the world," announcing the doctrine so dear to the young lawyer as the bulwark of his premature renown, — the elemental principle, so tenderly expressed by the fire-side poet, Whatever mother says is right.

And yet I was once a young lawyer. And to-day I love the young lawyer even as I do myself; and all I shall say will proceed from an impulse to do him good. I am neither "case" hardened nor

embittered by multiplicity of suits. I shall be cruel only to be bright. My sympathies are broad and deep; yet I can look upon him in the "dry light" of science — dispassionately and without asperity. So to-night I shall lay aside all distinctions and treat them as if equals.

The young lawyer exults in logic and analysis — he defies them both. Let us contemplate him. He may be described as the *genus homo importans* — "deep on whose front engraven deliberation sits and public care." He is *res tota*, — in the modern tongue, "the whole works." He is great in *persona* rather than in *rem* or in *rebus*. According to experienced trial judges the young lawyer is a contradiction in terms, yet a necessary evil, whose chief function is to grow older. Like the law he is a process, not a completed product, — university diplomas notwithstanding. In judicial opinion he is *obiter dictum*. Among lawyers he is *sui generis* — a sort of difference without — a distinction. The jurists appear to concede that he exists by presumption of law, and the weight of authority seems to be that he thrives by presumption in fact. He can scarcely be said to come within the purview of the laity; his name loometh large on his own sign to the public. It shineth from afar — and very faintly. He is not expressly classified among the public utilities, but he no doubt has his place; the difficulty is to find it. His sphere is coextensive with that ascribed by Lord Brougham to the law of England, — "to get twelve men in a box" — and jam down the lid!

He is a peripatetic institution of learning, dedicated to his own glorification, endowed with majestic powers of his own imagining, and founded upon the three cardinal virtues, faith, hope, and charity, — faith in his own infinite knowledge, hope for the obtuseness of judges and juries, and charity for the older lawyers who have all the business; and the greatest of these is faith.

He disdains to shine by reflected effulgence. He is a legal light in, and unto, himself, only waiting to be extinguished. To him law and abstract justice are the same. He is long on theory and short on practice. With him "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." And until he realizes that men and all human institutions are mere approximations to perfection, and that good and evil alike are persistent forces, with juridical "eye in fine frenzy rolling" he crouches in his lair, like a fierce giraffe, ready to leap, upon quixotic provocation, to right the wrongs of an erring world. And be it said

to his honor that he stands peerless and transcendent in the domain of "Buffalo Jurisprudence" and "Kangaroo Procedure."

I have never talked to a young lawyer that did not "out-Herod Herod" for prosperity. It is not with him an occasional or acute attack, but a chronic condition. As a young lawyer I had more business than I could have attended to in sixty years, and the magnitude of my income was incredible. But as I grew older, the law somewhat fell in disrepute with clients, and my coffers contained naught but "intangible assets."

The lawyer should know everything — the young lawyer does. If the old lawyer knows most, the young lawyer knows best. It is no trouble for him to tell what the law is — it is rather a surprise. But the evil day cometh apace when, "with assurance doubly sure" and stride triumphant, he marches into court with his first case; and, enveloped in the darkness of his own pleadings, he falls into the clutches of the grisly old gorilla, General Demurrer. Let us not paint the pathetic picture, nor voice the lamentation.

The young lawyer is gregarious, — he cometh in flocks. But tremble not, friends, at the annual increase of competitors, for many young lawyers are called, few deliver the "merchandise." To the established practitioner the situation is not hopeless, but has its compensations. Let us be just, for we know that the young lawyer is a valuable litigious asset. And, furthermore, whether we agree that the law is an exact science or not, we know that it has a sort of certainty that often amounts to fatality; and that, while its policy is to put an end to litigation, its practice puts an end to young lawyers, thus establishing in the profession a subtle relation of equilibrium between genesis and exodus. Also let us be generous. And when the young lawyer feels that his place is precarious, and that his talents are not appreciated, and that everything is against him, let us exhort him to brace up, have courage, and be firm; for conditions will change and probably get — worse. And, my dear young friend, let me admonish you, in the melancholy hour and whatever may betide, to think always of the nobility and dignity of your profession. Keep well in your own mind that you are a lawyer; and some day perhaps the community will discover your secret. Make yourself agreeable to the old practitioners. Keep in touch with them. Impress them with your significance, and with the fact that you have a

college education. Let them know that you are a "coming" as well as a "going" concern. Tell them how well you are doing; that you fight cases to a finish and never let up. Blow—even as the four winds; they admire enthusiasm. Do equity by them; withhold not the worst; when you have lost a suit, go to them—*pari passu*. Regale them with the law of extenuating circumstances; cover the subject—to the point of exhaustion. Try the case all over again for their refreshment. You may get another trial—if their opinion theretofore has been good they will probably set aside the judgment.

Shun, as you would the pestilence, the evil spirit of commercialism in your professional conduct. Be not money-driven hirelings of a trade. I have heard that, in some sections of our country, lawyers have yielded to this sinister influence and have trailed the priceless standard of our calling in the golden dust, and have sacrificed our lofty traditions upon the altar of Mammon. Reluctantly though I confess it, I am reliably informed that lawyers in the large cities of the north and east have reduced the profession to a business; that they boldly receive money for legal services, and actually earn from this source a comfortable livelihood. And some, more daring than the rest, are said in this doubtful manner to have acquired a fortune. Coming as I do from a distant state, whose professional atmosphere is chaste and undefiled, I hesitate to believe the accusation. And I may add, with pardonable pride, that never in my personal experience at the Texas bar has such an ominous condition of affairs been known to exist. My own observation has been that in Texas the rich lawyer is a paradox; and my conjecture has been that in other states he was a "legal fiction." Yes, my friends, in good conscience I may aver that in the imperial state from which I come the law, like virtue, is its own reward—at least I have found it so.

Esteem the law, thy mistress, the guardian angel of blind justice, and, by men's unthought appointment through the ages, her majestic voice and dread interpreter. She sits aloft on the rock-ribbed Mount of Right,—a peaceful virgin, frowning chaos and disorder down throughout the world. To stay the hand of reckless might and turbulence she reacheth forth; and higher yet to lift the blood-won standard of long-wakening man's humanity to man. From us she's hid betimes in mist, and from her dim retreat 't is sport to watch

us climb and stumble, fall and then again essay the height. There leads no path of dalliance to her bower; to her favor winds the stubborn royal road of honor, courage, and devotion. With the largess of content that on the faithful she bestows, nor gold, nor regal purple, nor the "wealth of Ind," nor argosy with precious stones deep laden, e'en can vie; all these are but the greedy gewgaws of a life misused, against the tranquil balm which waits the seal of her approval. My friends, she is a stern mistress, "correctly cold," and never to be completely subdued. To the blandishments of the young man of wealth she usually giveth the "marble heart." For a soft income turneth away resolution, and dulleth the edge of endeavor. My comrades, let me warn you: do not fall under the ban — don't be a rich man's son. To a young lawyer there is no predicament more baleful and tragic — except to be a poor man's son.

Develop generous impulses. It is to my keen sense of gratitude that I chiefly owe my present business relations. When the world was apprised, through the Associated Press, that I had procured license to practice law, the clamorous demands usually made for the services of the young lawyer by interests in large cities were directed toward me. But my father, who had sent me to school, I felt had some claims upon me. So I took no account of any of the inducements offered me. I went to my father and said: "You have educated me, — at least you think you have. I am grateful. You have an established practice; you need me." And I proved it by taking him into partnership. And I advise every young lawyer similarly situated to follow my example, especially if he has any reverence for the three graces, — food, shelter, and raiment. Censure me not for paternalism; each to his own. But verily, to depend on our fathers is silver; to depend on ourselves is "brass." And, lest you have cause to lament with your client, I charge you fling away self-reliance, for by that sin fell the angels.

May you always know the flush, but never the blush, of victory. And to this end remember that in our time under the statute *de bonis asportatis* you must not be "caught with the goods."

You will no doubt make mistakes. The man that never makes mistakes never makes anything. And to the man of indomitable will nothing succeeds like failure. "Upon our dead selves as stepping stones we rise to higher things." I have traveled the road myself.

I want to see you successful. You have my best wishes ever. In your adversity my heart goes out to you; in your prosperity — my hand. — F. CHARLES HUME

From the Minneapolis Journal

58.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster, and Everett, and Clay, there was always a great organized party, or an intrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion. They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political traditions, and of established institutions. Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the new orator, announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and appealing against established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse his hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instantly perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simply colloquy — a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it — how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of

the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory, — that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote, and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say his body thought.

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

59.

THE UNKNOWN GOD

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and

man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Acts xvii, 22-31

60. And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said:
 " Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand,
 Armed like thyself with single brand;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

61. SONGS FROM WILLIAM TELL, ACT I, SCENE I

Fisher Boy (*singing in his boat*)

The clear smiling lake woo'd to bathe in its deep,
 A boy on its green shore had laid him to sleep;
 Then heard he a melody
 Flowing and soft,
 And sweet as when angels
 Are singing aloft.
 And as thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,
 The waters are murmuring over his breast;
 And a voice from the deep cries,
 " With me thou must go;
 I charm the young shepherd,
 I lure him below."

62. Herdsman (*singing on the mountains*)

Farewell, ye green meadows,
 Farewell, sunny shore,
 The herdsman must leave you,
 The summer is o'er.

We go to the hills, but you 'll see us again,
 When the cuckoo is calling, and wood-notes are gay,
 When flow'rets are blooming in dingle and plain,
 And the brooks sparkle up in the sunshine of May.

Farewell, ye green meadows,
 Farewell, sunny shore,
 The herdsman must leave you,
 The summer is o'er.

63. Chamois Hunter (*appearing on the top of a cliff*)

On the heights peals the thunder, and trembles the bridge;
 The huntsman bounds on by the dizzying ridge.

Undaunted he hies him
 O'er ice-covered wild,
 Where leaf never budded,
 Nor spring ever smiled;

And beneath him an ocean of mist, where his eye
 No longer the dwellings of man can espy;
 Through the parting clouds only
 The earth can be seen,
 Far down 'neath the vapor
 The meadows of green. — SCHILLER

64. WILLIAM TELL. ACT V, SCENE I

(A common near Altorf. In the background to the right the Keep (castle) of Uri. To the left the view opens upon numerous mountains, on all of which signal fires are burning. Day is breaking, and bells are heard ringing from various distances.)

Ruodi, Kuoni, Werni, the Master Mason, and many other country people, also women and children.)

Ruodi. Look at the fiery signals on the mountains!

Mason. Hark to the bells above the forest there!

Ruodi. The enemy's expelled.

Mason. The forts are taken.

Ruodi. And we of Uri, do we still endure
Upon our native soil the tyrant's Keep?
Are we the last to strike for liberty?

Mason. Shall the yoke stand, that was to bow our necks?
Up! Tear it to the ground!

All. Down, down with it!

Ruodi. Where is the Stier of Uri?

Uri. Here. What would ye?

Ruodi. Up to your tower, and wind us such a blast
As shall resound afar, from hill to hill,
Rousing the echoes of each peak and glen,
And call the mountain men in haste together!

Exit Stier — enter Walter Fürst

Fürst. Stay, stay, my friends! As yet we have not learn'd
What has been done in Unterwald and Schwytz.
Let's wait till we receive intelligence!

Ruodi. Wait! wait for what? The accursed tyrant's dead,
And the bright day of liberty has dawn'd!

Mason. How! Do these flaming signals not suffice,
That blaze on every mountain top around?

Ruodi. Come all, fall to — come men and women, all!
Destroy the scaffold! Tear the arches down!
Down with the walls, let not a stone remain!

Mason. Come, comrades, come! We built it, and we know
How best to hurl it down.

All. Come! down with it!

Fürst. The floodgates burst. They're not to be restrained.

Enter Melchtal and Baumgarten

Melchtal. What! Stands the fortress still, when Sarnen lies
In ashes, and when Rossberg is a ruin?

Fürst. You, Melchtal, here? D'ye bring us liberty?
Say, have you freed the country of the foe?

Melchtal. We've swept them from the soil. Rejoice, my friend;
Now, at this very moment, while we speak,
There's not a tyrant left in Switzerland! — SCHILLER

65. The soul of the woman who stood
 Face to face with the flood,
 Answered the shock
 Like the eternal rock,
 For she stayed
 With her hand on the wire.

Face to face with duty and death,
 Dear is the drawing of human breath:
 "Steady, my hand, hold fast
 To the trust upon thee cast!"
 'This message is my last.'

The torrent took her — God knows all.
 Fiercely the savage currents fall
 To muttering calm. Men count their dead;
 The June sky smileth overhead.
 God's will we neither read nor guess.
 Poorer by one hero less,
 We bow the head and clasp the hand:
 "Teach us, although we die, to stand!" — DEEMS

66. A child, grown restless as the night came on,
 Tired of twilight, wondering where the day had gone,
 Stood watching at the window with a weary sigh,
 Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky.

"Mamma, why don't they come?" she questioning sighed;
 Then, looking up, "Come, pretty stars!" she sweetly cried.
 Deeper the shadows of the night around her grew,
 While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last, with a shout of joy, a star she spied.
 "I see one now, mamma; why not before?" she cried.
 The mother kissed her little eager lips and smiled:
 "Because it was not dark enough, my child."

So shine the eternal stars in sorrow's night ;
The deepest gloom but serves to bring their blessed light.
Take courage, then, look up ! heart that most has bled,
God's Stars of Hope are shining overhead. — GORDON

67. All the processes of the ages are God's science ; all the flow of history is his poetry. His sculpture is not in marble, but in living and speech-giving forms, which pass away, not to yield place to those that come after, but to be perfected in a nobler studio. What he has done remains, although it vanishes ; and he never either forgets what he has once done, or does it even once again. As the thoughts move in the mind of a man, so move the worlds of men and women in the mind of God, and make no confusion there, for there they had their birth, the offspring of his imagination. Man is but a thought of God. — MACDONALD

68.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

STAVE FOUR

As the last stroke of twelve ceased to vibrate, Scrooge beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him. When it came near, Scrooge bent down upon his knee ; for in the air through which the Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

"Lead on ! lead on ! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come !"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city ; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it ; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The spirit stopped beside one little group of business men. Scrooge advanced and listened.

"No," said a fat man, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he is dead."

"When did he die?"

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die!"

"God knows," said the fat man with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?"

"I have n't heard; company, perhaps. He has n't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

They left this busy scene, and went into an obscure part of town, to a low shop where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. A gray-haired rascal of great age sat smoking his pipe.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black.

They all three burst out laughing and the first to enter cried: "Let the charwoman alone to be the first; let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we have n't all three met here without meaning it!"

"What have you got to sell?"

"Half a minute's patience, Joe, and you shall see."

"What odds then! what odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the other woman. "Every person has a right to take care of himself. *He* always did! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed, ma'am."

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why was n't he natural in his life-time? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke, it's a judgment on him."

"I wish it were a little heavier judgment, and it should have been if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, Joe, and let me know the value of it."

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening the bundle, and dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this? Bed-curtains!"

"Ah! Bed-curtains! Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"*His* blankets?"

"Whose else do you think? He is n't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes

ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it by dressing him up in it, if it had n't been for me."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror.

"Spirit, I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

The scene changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. On it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this plundered, unknown man.

"Spirit, let me see some tenderness connected with death, or this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house, — the dwelling he had visited before, — and found the mother and children seated around the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in needle-work. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They are better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I would n't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings."

"I have known him walk with — I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I, often!"

"But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so that it was no trouble — no trouble. And there is your father at the door."

She hurried out to meet him ; and little Bob and his comforter — he had need of it, poor fellow — came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid each 'child a little cheek against his face, as if they said, " Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved ! "

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday.

" Sunday ! You went to-day, then, Robert ? "

" Yes, my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you 'll see it often. I promised him I would walk there on a Sunday. My little child ! "

He broke down all at once.

" Spectre," said Scrooge, " something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I do not know how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead ? "

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went ; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, — EBENEZER SCROOGE.

" Am I that man who lay upon the bed ? No, Spirit ! O no, no ! Spirit ! hear me ! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope ? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life. O tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone ! "

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost. Yes, and the bedpost was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in ! He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Running to the window, he opened it, and put his head out. No fog, no mist, no night ; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, Christmas Day!"

"It's Christmas Day! I have n't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, — the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? Go and buy it."

"Get out!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry

Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?"

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress."

"He knows me and I'll step right in there, my dear. — Fred!"

"Why, bless my soul, who's that?"

"It's I, your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he did n't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did every one else. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office the next morning. O, he was early there. If he could only be there first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen minutes and a half behind the time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank. Bob's hat was off before he opened the door, his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of the day?"

"I am sorry, sir, I am behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, — "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merry Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, merrier than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did all and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim who did *not* die, he became a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived in that respect upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!—*Adapted from DICKENS*

69.

THE WARM HEART

Primarily the great reason for educating the young is that they may be made good citizens. The public-school systems of the country are not founded with a view to training the boy in early life in a manner to make him a "good business man" when he grows to maturity. They are founded and maintained because the country has need of good citizens,—citizens in whom patriotism and honesty shall not be entirely subordinated to the love of money making. Therefore it is disappointing to hear a leader in the work of child education give tongue to sentiments similar to those expressed by the president of the Illinois State Teachers' Association at Springfield when he said, "It is better to develop clear heads and stiff backbones than warm hearts."

There is nothing the matter with the backbone and no lack of clearness in the head of the average American. The fierce competitive

life has cared for the development of these parts. It has made the American the leader in the material things of the world. He sees more clearly the road to money and travels the road more directly and with a stiffer backbone than the men of any other race. As a type he is the most efficient money-making machine in existence.

This acquired ability in money making, however, has brought with it many of the evils that are being thrashed out in the courts and newspapers all over the country. For with this clear-minded, stiff-backed ability has come a dulled conscience and an atrophy of the finer sensibilities.

A clear mind and a stiff backbone! The country is full of them. They are to be found wherever wealth and power have their abode. They make successful men, but it is being proved daily that they do not necessarily make good citizens. It is the warm heart that we need in our national life. Sympathy, humanitarianism, patriotism, honesty. These are the attributes of the warm heart. To suggest that the school children of the country be taught to regard them as things that should be shunned is a serious mistake.

The Chicago Record-Herald

II. SPEECH DYNAMICS

Nature of speech dynamics. A modulation of voice in pitch is the fundamental action in speech melody, of the character of the tone in speech quality, of the rate of utterance in speech rhythm; and these modulations, under normal conditions, come in response to thought and feeling. In search for further possible modulations of the utterance in vocal expression, read aloud the following extracts:

1. While the heart beats young! Oh, the splendor of the spring,
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!
2. The great bell swung as ne'er before:
 It seemed as it would never cease:
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was " *War! War! War!* "

3. One afternoon as Hilda entered St. Peter's in sombre mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation.

4. The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

A careful study of these selections will convince us that there are still elements of vocal expression which have not received our observation thus far. With a speech melody, a speech quality, and a speech rhythm which carry all that they are capable of in the way of thought and feeling, still certain powerful elements fail to find expression through them. Keeping, as far as possible, melody, rhythm, and quality normal, read the second selection through with the same degree of power in the tone, that is with the same volume or loudness of tone; use the same in reading the third; shout the fourth; read the first and third with exactly the same touch of voice upon the words; and immediately it is recognized that the voice is failing to convey certain values in thought and emotion. This fourth element of vocal expression is called speech dynamics. This term is somewhat general and includes at least two others, volume and touch. Speech dynamics, then, is that modulation of the voice in quantity and application of tone which comes in response to thought and feeling.

The term "speech dynamics." The term "speech melody" has been employed to denote the characteristic of speech which is analogous to melody in music. In like manner "speech rhythm" and "speech quality" have been employed. Speech melody and speech quality are the great pitch factors of speech. Speech rhythm is the great time factor. What shall the intensity factor be called? Here

the analogy to music ought to hold as well as in the former cases, and so the term "speech dynamics" has been adopted. This being so, and since its use is new in this connection, help in understanding its nature may be had by a study of its connection in music.

Dynamics in music. A primer of music states that "dynamics relates to loud and soft sounds." Again it says, "Two sounds differing only in power would be found in the department of dynamics." Again, "Sounds differing only in length are found in the department of rhythm." Lastly, "Sounds differing only in pitch are found in the department of melody." The terms *forte*, *mezzo*, *piano*, etc. are employed to denote sounds varying from very loud, *fortissimo*, to very soft, *pianissimo*. A series of tones commenced at very soft and gradually increased to very loud give a *crescendo*. Tones in the reverse order give a *diminuendo*. When these changes are made upon a single tone and the action is quick, the former is called a pressure tone and the latter an explosive. A tone very short and quick is called *staccato*. When the tone maintains the same character throughout but is short and quick, it is called an organ tone. Attention is called to these tones and the terms used, not for the purpose of employing them in vocal expression, but to bring out the nature of vocal action in intensity. The intensity is manifested in two ways: in variation in the volume of tone; and in a possible variation in the application of this tone by the touch, — of the hand in some forms of instrumental music, of the breath in others, of the voice in vocal music. A *fortissimo* tone differs from a *pianissimo* in volume; a *staccato* tone differs from an organ tone in touch. Analogous differences appearing in speech are suggested by the term "vocal dynamics."

Intensity elements. Every vocal utterance has a certain degree of intensity. Every change of intensity must affect every phase of the utterance. It may be manifested immediately by the change of volume of the tone in which the thought is given and in the touch of the voice upon the words. Volume, then, is the modulation of the voice in quantity—now great, now small—by which the varying power of thought and feeling is revealed. It is that essential property, “in which a sound may vary while its pitch and duration remain unchanged.” Touch likewise is a modulation which reveals the intensity of thought and feeling but is radically different from volume. The latter is quantitative, while the former is motor. Touch is the way in which the volume of sound is applied to the words.

The beginnings of speech dynamics. In harmony with what has been already said upon the subject, the first form of public speaking, with its tendency to monopitch, monotone, and monometer, must have been monodynamic in character, with a gradual increase in volume up to the point of exhaustion. The communal dance was usually accompanied by the beating of some sort of percussive instrument, like the drum. There was more noise than music. Everything was of the crudest type. Even to-day the drum, or its substitute, is an object of worship among many rude tribes in numerous regions of the earth. No remote regions, however, will need to be searched to find districts where audiences assemble who seem to delight more in the noise of the speaker than in his knowledge.

Monomótor. Constant variety in the action of the mind finds partial expression through volume and touch. Hence the greatest fault in speech dynamics will be monodynamic in character. To express this idea the term “monomotor”

has been coined. A tendency to employ one volume and one touch is very common in the public speaking of this day. Mr. Rowbotham, in his history of music, points out that in the history of musical development there are three stages. These stages might be characterized as the stages of noise, melody, and harmony. A great noise is a terrible mystery to the ignorant and superstitious. Many speakers seem to think that their hearers are for the most part in the drum stage. They bellow, rant, and roar. As the drum has served time and time again to drive away "evil spirits," so the noises of some pulpits must serve to drive away the "devil of unbelief." When this fierce blast of awful sounds is formed into a dirge of heart-rending minor cadences, it may have either of two effects: it may drive an intelligent audience away, or it may set an ignorant audience into a frenzy of emotional, hypnotic excitement. "Pray you, avoid it!"

The relation of speech dynamics to other speech elements. We have gone far enough in the study of the manner in which intensity of thought and feeling finds expression to realize that all the expressional agents react upon each other,—that they are all bound together in utterance. If a speaker has good control of both his mind and his speech, emotional intensity may show itself in melody, quality, movement, or dynamics. Great intensity may raise or lower the pitch in proportion to the vocal and mental control or according to the temperamental character of the speaker. In the passionate person it generally raises the pitch. It will have an effect upon the quality, since it will tend to change the texture of the muscular tissue of the resonant bodies upon which the voice depends for its quality. Or it may alter the

rhythmic movement, since such a departure will express the tension of feeling. As already pointed out, variation in volume, in and of itself, may have little expressional value; but the motor application has a high expressional value. Suppose, for example, that Portia, in the court scene in the "Merchant of Venice," where she says,

Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke,

had bawled it out, the whole effect would have been very different from that produced if she had given the same quietly, but with a decided, almost explosive, touch. The quantity of tone, then, which is so helpful in the adjustment of the voice to the size of the audience room, as an expressional agent of a high order, is of far less value than touch, which is the motor manifestation of intensity.

The teaching of intensity. As, in the cases of the other modulations of the utterance, each served as an agent of the mind, so dynamics is of value only as it reveals thought and feeling. Every one of these agents must be alive and respond quickly. The speaker "must get into the game" with his whole body. Change of volume for the sake of change, except for farcical purposes, is most destructive of good expression. All shouting, roaring, and ranting, under normal conditions, indicate violent misconceptions. They overthrow the poise of the voice, that equilibrium in amount of tone which reveals a reserve of power, a repose in vocal action which inspires confidence in the speaker. Extravagance of action in any of the agents of vocal expression reveals a loss of personal control which is almost fatal to any adequate command of an intelligent audience. It is atavistic, and never of value except with the most ignorant, and in farce. "Speak louder!" is under most

conditions bad advice, for under its inspiration speaking is liable to be louder, blankly louder. Carefully "coached" amateurs frequently render selections which drown the ears of the audience with a noise so harsh and grinding and a touch so hard and grating that suicide or murder is the only method of escape. *Mind* not *mouth* should be given to the audience. As in the development of all the other modulations of the utterance, touch and volume with proper control can be gained only through hard and intelligent work. Nothing may so clearly reveal the lack of real control and genuine power as the excessive use of great volume of tone. On the other hand, nothing so surely may show a high degree of development in the technique of vocal expression as a correct touch, revealing delicate shades and tints of thought and feeling. It is one of the last things to be acquired by the learner, but training is sadly incomplete without it. Let the student review some of the selections already quoted and note the important place which touch and volume have already been playing in the work. Study again the Webster peroration and note the effect of joy and disgust upon the volume and touch. Drill the vocal utterance by the use of strong contrasts. Compare the farcical, drawling touch of Sam Lawson in "Old Town Folks," and the firm, decided touch of Brutus and Cassius in the Quarrel Scene from the play of "Julius Cæsar." Mark the difference of effect when the reader gives the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" first with a brutal loudness and then with a delicacy of touch which reveals an appreciative, reverent spirit. Keep ever in mind that the audience should receive from a speaker through the medium of vocal expression the power of thought and feeling rather than mere power of lungs.

Summary. Speech dynamics is the department of vocal expression which treats of the action of the vocal utterance in intensity in response to thought and feeling. As an element it is that modulation of the voice in volume and touch which responds to thought and emotion. Volume is modulation in quantity; touch is modulation in the motor application of this quantity. When the voice remains unmodulated in volume and touch, it is said to be monodynamic. Under normal conditions this is the most serious fault in speech dynamics. It is called monomótor. As a medium for the intensity of the emotions, volume is of itself the least valuable of the expressional agents; touch is, perhaps, the most valuable. The proper cultivation of these media of expression is highly important, and requires the development of the utmost attainable power of imaginative action, and the utmost delicacy and refinement in the application of that power.

*Who cannot make a
early one to / 10/12/12*

CONCLUSION

Vocal expression has now been seen from the analytical standpoint. In closing let us view it from the synthetical standpoint.

As we have already seen, every utterance, outside of the language in which it is expressed, conveys thought and emotion through what may be called natural actions of the voice. Words are symbolic and artificial ; the vocal action in which the words are conveyed is direct and natural. These natural ways of uttering thought and emotion through the voice are of four kinds : melodic, qualitative, temporal, and quantitative. The melodic action tends to move in vertical lines and so to bring out the logical, intellectual phase of thinking ; the other significant actions of the voice tend to move in horizontal lines, — they are the great avenues of emotion ; hence the latter tend to destroy the former. Uncontrolled emotion inevitably brings about a uniformity of pitch. As a further example, the greater the rapidity of the utterance, or the greater the volume, the less is likely to be the range in pitch, and hence the logical force of the utterance is more or less destroyed. A well-balanced development of all phases of utterance is demanded of the successful speaker.

All really strong, creative action in literature and speech grows out of a deep, pervasive mood of mind and heart. The most exalted and helpful expressions have come from those natures which have been pervaded by a fundamental

joy in life. A sympathetic experience of this basic note is the criterion of good work in vocal expression. This voicing of soul life is a living unity.

The media in which it moves, — changes in pitch, inflection, quality, movement, pause, volume, and touch — are practically inseparable. One justifies the other. A pause occurs; it may be followed and justified by a change of pitch. They are vital elements in the living organism of vocal expression. Speech melody, speech quality, speech rhythm, and speech dynamics are departments of vocal expression; the exact boundaries are indistinguishable. Changes in one must, from the very nature of the case, be accompanied by changes in the others.

A mind responsive to the infinite variety of the universe is like a mountain lake in summer time. No two moments of its life are exactly alike. There is constant variety in response to wind and sky and forest and cliff. But underneath that unceasing response there lies the deep heart of the lake imbedded in the slow-changing conformations of the mountain's rugged bosom. So the mind responds to the infinite variety of the universe with its innumerable forces and materials. There is unceasing and endless change; but at the same the mind has a deep, almost unchanging individuality. Now this mind life seeks to impress itself upon another mind through vocal expression. In proportion as the universe and what is universal speaks through the voice, — in that proportion, other things being equal, will the vocal expression be successful in its appeal to humanity.

To show this universal in its logical life every modulation of the voice is called into action, but the pitch elements are indispensable. The logical and emotional phases of

the mind are a unit ; they find expression in time, and so call upon the rhythmic elements for an adequate expression. But the intensity of the emotional life makes upon the agents of vocal expression demands which are satisfied through changes of quality, volume, and touch. The trained voice, drilled until it has become the obedient and unconscious servant of the trained mind, is no longer a mere sound sensation, "inarticulate and vague ; it is an orchestral symphony, with groups of responsive instruments : here is a group giving the melodic theme ; there, others uttering the pulsing life of the universe ; and lastly, groups adding rich harmonies, creating noble volume and quality of tone. But they are all under the immediate direction of the symmetrical mind whose great-hearted theme is "Joy to the world !"

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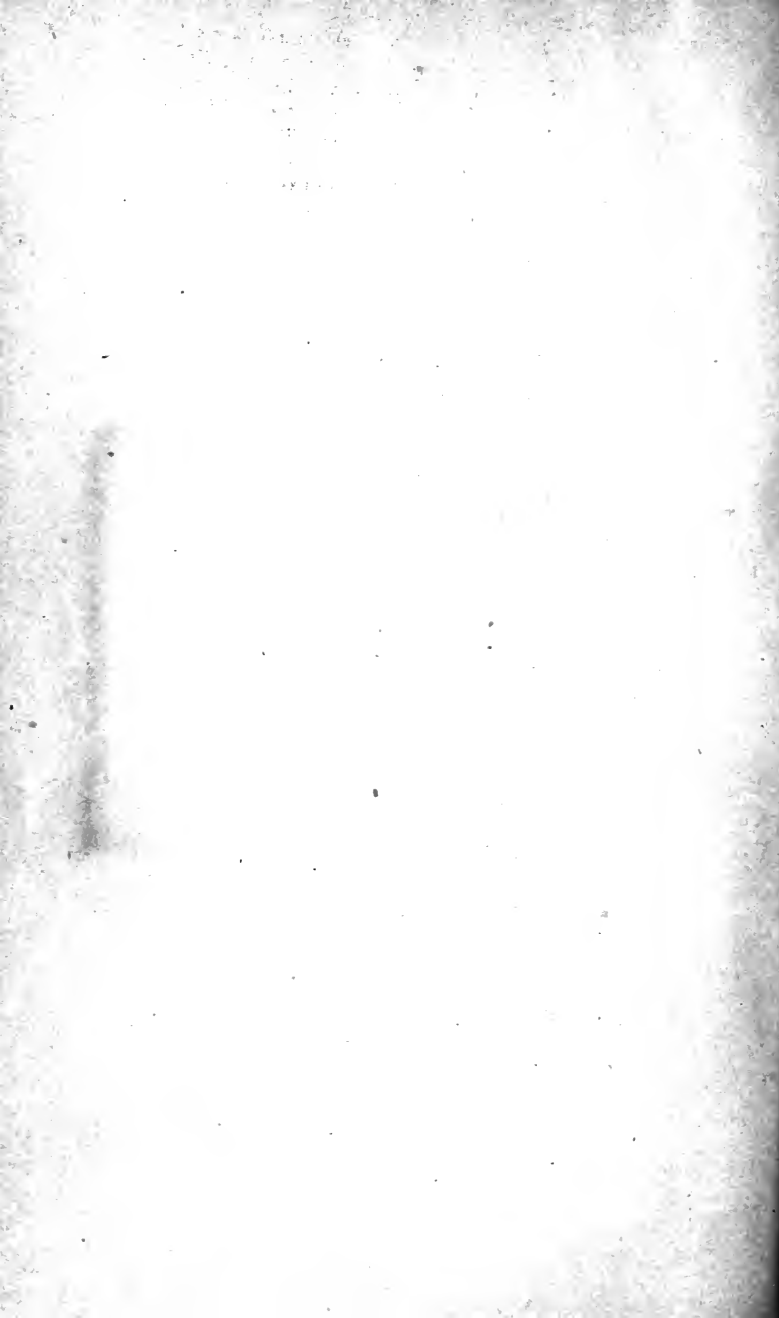
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